

Week ending May 17 1958

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JOHN BULL

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Free Speech

The British Housewife Has Nobody But Herself To Blame

When the do-it-yourself craze started, efficient tools and equipment were quickly on the market—because men asked for tools that would do the job. Now a man can drill holes in glass, make himself a hi-fi outfit or even build himself a home without a great deal of trouble.

Yet my wife still uses a cheap can-opener that cuts her hands, saucepans that burn unless they're watched every second and equipment that takes ages to clean and dry.

If only the British housewife wasn't so unadventurous, tolerant and unwisely economical, she wouldn't have to put up with this kind of thing. Men don't—simply because they are prepared to pay a fair price for a first-class article.

S. RICHARDSON, BECKENHAM, KENT.

★ ★ ★

Postage Patch

Stranded on a cycle ride in the country with a puncture I found that I hadn't a repair outfit with me, so I mended the hole with the only thing available—a 3d. stamp. It worked, and for three weeks I have cycled to work without any trouble. It seems that expensive kits aren't necessary—though I carry one now . . . just in case.



GEORGE CAMERON, MANSELL ROAD, ACTON, LONDON.

★ ★ ★

Eleven Minus

My daughter takes her eleven-plus examination next year, so to help her I asked the education authorities for some past test papers. A simple request—but they bristled with indignation and haughtily told me that papers were given only to headmasters. Where is their common sense? Papers are available for most exams in later life; why deprive young children?

G. D., BENFLEET, ESSEX.

"These tests are designed to discover a child's natural aptitudes, not the extent of its knowledge," says the Ministry of Education. "If the form of the tests was known in advance, they would fail in their purpose."

★ ★ ★

Running Cold

In our new house the hot and cold taps are, to us, the wrong way round and we often absent-mindedly stand waiting for the cold to run hot. Is there a right way round for taps? Or is it left to the plumber's whim?

Surely there should be a standard arrangement—if only to prevent accidents in darkness or haste.

MRS. J. P. FORBES, SILVERKNOWES GARDENS, EDINBURGH, 4.

"Usually the hot is on the left, cold on the right," says the Institute of Plumbers, "but there is no ruling. We would put them the other way round to avoid an ugly crossing of pipes."

★ ★ ★

"The Law's Delay"

Why don't our lawyers wake up and realize that they are living in the age of automation and speed? You can buy a car costing up to £5,000 practically "over the counter" and drive away in it the same day. But if you want a tumbledown shack priced at a mere £150 the deal will keep a battery of solicitor's clerks scratching away for weeks. Hamlet's reference to the "law's

Continued on next page



What sort of family

DO THEY
THINK
YOURS IS

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Free Speech

continued from previous page

delay" is as true today as ever. Do they have to draw up their deeds, conveyances, agreements and the rest of the legal mumbo-jumbo with a quill pen on vellum?

Or now that the government has reduced the stamp duty can we expect the lawyers to cut their costs?

DOUGLAS SMITH, BURLEY LODGE TERRACE, LEEDS, 6.

Pit Misfits

So the Coal Board is suspending recruitment to the mines. Thank goodness!

For years lack of labour has made the pits employ rejects from other jobs. Now at last they can train picked men, as befits a go-ahead industry.

C. J. WHITE, RAWLINSON TERRACE, TREDEGAR.

Whose Fence?

In his "Guide to Gardening" cartoon (JOHN BULL, April 19) Starke advises the man with a chicken run to keep his fence in good repair. But it is not the chicken owner's fence, as the rail has been drawn on the neighbour's side.

D. J. RUSSELL, PLAYER STREET, RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

"This is a common belief, but it is wrong," says a lawyer. "The person who puts up a fence owns it. But in nearly every case the rail is on the owner's side."

Your Own Back

How can you deal effectively with those infuriating people who sit behind you in the cinema and chatter incessantly?

I have found that the mildest protest is met with argument, insult and even abuse. To call the manager means missing part of the programme. An uninhibited friend of mine stands up, waits till the people behind tell him, "Sit

down, I can't see," and then replies, "Well, shut up then. I can't hear." I wish I had his courage.

MRS. ELAINE REAKES, ROMANY RYE, CREDITON, DEVON.

The Sharp End

The shape of an egg doesn't fascinate only the baby in Batchelor's cover (JOHN BULL, April 19); it also fascinates me.

Packers and housewives know that eggs stored pointed end down in a cool place keep fresh longer. But retailers display their eggs point upwards and place them where it is warmest—in the sun behind plate-glass windows.

If the Egg Marketing Board advised



retailers as well as producers on how to keep eggs fresh, they might get fewer complaints about bad eggs.

MRS. A. C. JENKINS, HILLSIDE AVENUE, ALEXANDRIA, DUNBARTONSHIRE.

"The broad end of an egg contains an air space," says an Egg Marketing Board official, "and if the egg is broad end down, the air may circulate and damage it. Ideally, eggs should be stored point down in a place that is not only cool but slightly humid. We do advise retailers on this."

Fuming Fashion

Artists, writers and the other angry young men who wear unconventional clothes ("Free Speech," April 19) do so

because they usually don't have much money.

At least their hobnails and duffel coats lend a certain distinction and defiance. The shabby, ordinary clothes that they would otherwise have to wear convey nothing but frustration.

MISS M. JACK, MARLBOROUGH AVENUE, GLASGOW, W.I.

Stale Cooks

Dullness among pupils learning housecraft is not the only explanation for the family failures described in the article on the Brentwood experiment (JOHN BULL, April 26).

As a teacher, I know that many school lessons today are too theoretical, and on such subjects as sink construction. Housecraft rooms may be too elaborate, with equipment the girls will never be able to afford themselves.

Lesson time is very limited; usually only half a class can work at once because of lack of space. And girls often forget their lessons between school and marriage. There should be more refresher classes for teenagers.

F. S., SUSSEX.

Easy Does It

So the Ministry of Labour admits that plans to shorten apprenticeships are "Speech," April 26). I can see why this will lead to youngsters taking up trades simply because big money is just around the corner.

Pride in a job well done and standards of workmanship have fallen enough recently. This will put the lid on the coffin—and a few more "make it easy for them" ideas will well and truly screw it home.

The long, hard apprenticeships of the past sifted the weak from the strong, and it was the strong who made Britain what she is going to be no longer.

H. E. BRAVERY, WATSON ROAD, WESTCOTT, DORKING.

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.

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THIS WEEK'S COVER



ANY more for the 8.39? Yes, indeed—there's Mr. and Mrs. Lie-Abed, who can't get up when the alarm clock sounds. What a hubbub in their suburb! A man has merely to rise, wash, shave, dress, eat, clean shoes, brush hair, scan headlines—and he still can't make the City train. Time, tide and transport might not wait for any man, but what man won't wait for coffee? "He may be ten minutes late for the office," says Critchlow. "But better to be late and replete than on time and empty."

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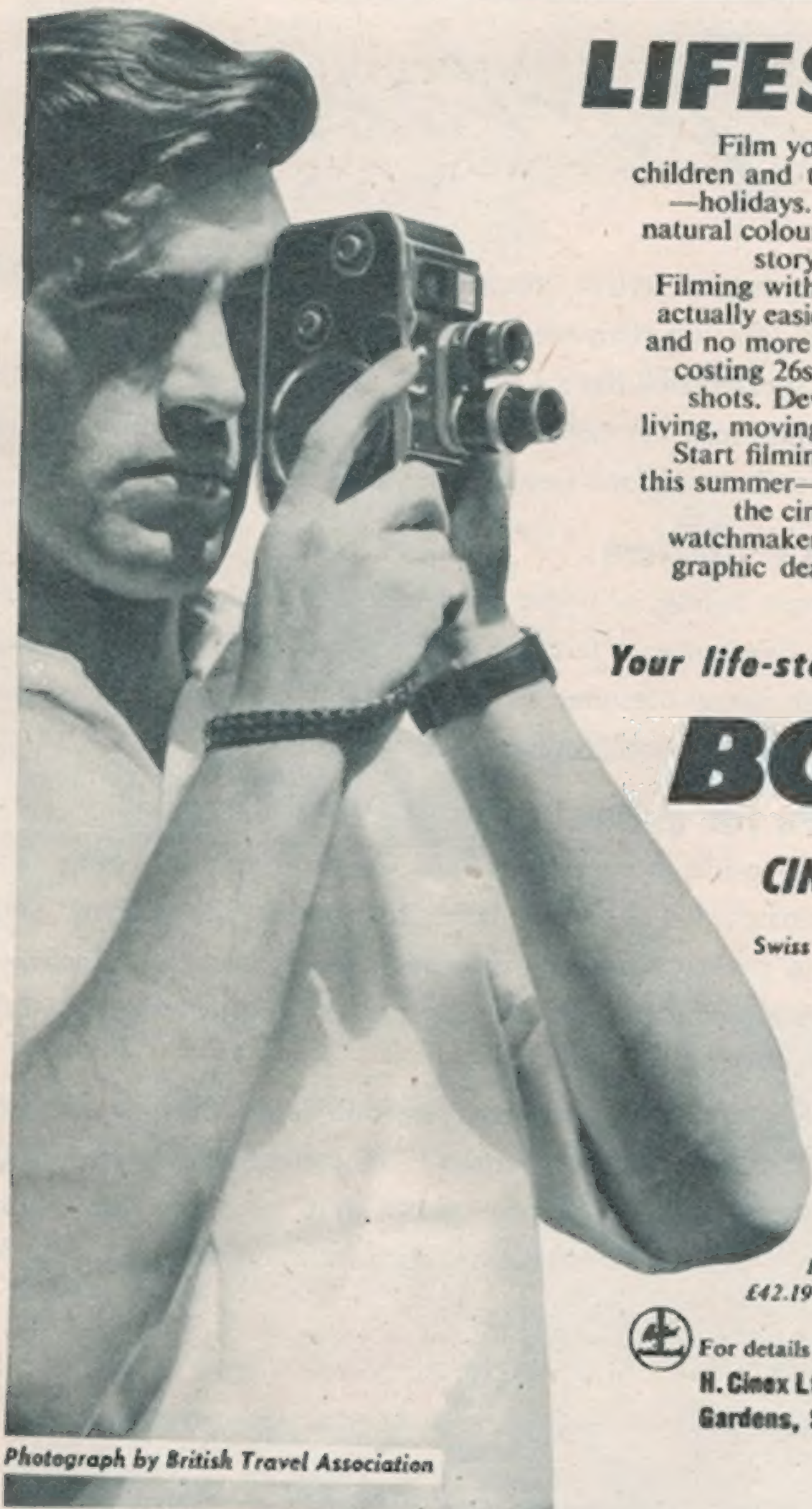
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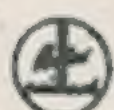
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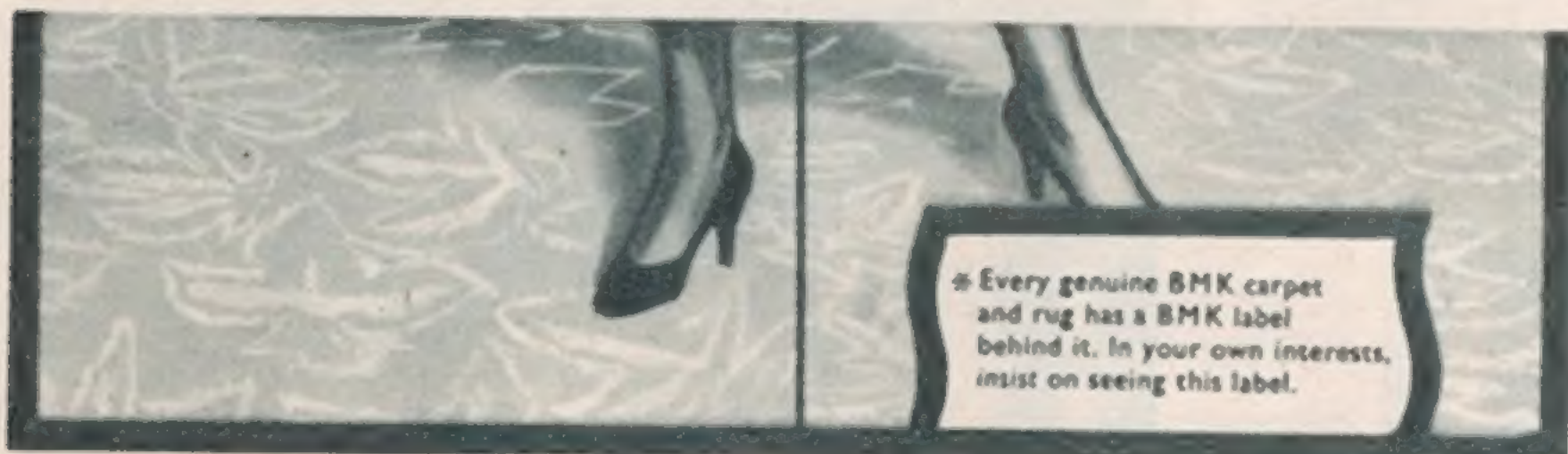
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THE twenty girls in the lipstick room of a cosmetics factory in Stratford, London, consistently caused more trouble than those in other departments. Harry Keegan, the manager, listed their conduct as "very unstable." Even after he had weeded out possible trouble-makers and changed the supervisor, there was no improvement.

Finally Keegan consulted an industrial designer. "The girls are handling blood-red lipstick material all day," he said. "I think that this must somehow be upsetting them."

The designer inspected the department and recommended a remedy. The hard whiteness of the walls was changed to two shades of green. Equipment was also recoloured to softer hues. In a few weeks the department was among the happiest in the factory.

The girls had been suffering from the effects of "after image," a trick played by the nerves of the eye. Each time they had concentrated on red

lipstick, then glanced at the room's white walls, they had seen a green haze in the shape of the lipstick. Experienced hundreds of times a day, the momentary images had caused nervous strain. After the walls were coloured green the girls could no longer see the images.

Previously Keegan had been sceptical whenever he had heard it suggested that colours could affect people. After this experience, however, he consulted the British Colour Council, which advises firms making or using colour, and obtained improved colour schemes for other sections of the factory.

Extensive developments in the dye and paint industries have created an age of colour. The British Colour Council's dictionary of colour standards, a guide for the textile industry, now lists 240 colours. Another dictionary, for interior decoration, contains 378. A leading paint firm offers 999 shades.

A horticultural list shows that nature is capable of at least five thousand tints. "But few people

Colour varies according to the light. At the British Colour Council tests are made under daylight (left) and tungsten lighting

Dress designer John Cavanagh redecorates his salon for each collection to ensure that his creations are shown at their best

COLOUR

GOES

OUT

TO

WORK

by ANTHONY HANCOX



JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

realize the importance of colour and the many ways in which it can affect them," says Kathleen Battersby, the council's studio director.

Three new shades of colour have been introduced in wallpapers and decorating paints as a result of visits made by Miss Battersby to the Wallace collection of art treasures. For several weeks Miss Battersby studied the delicate blues, greys and greens used by eighteenth-century masters as backgrounds to heads on miniatures. The shades had been cunningly evolved to show off the flesh tints to the best advantage.

Miss Battersby reproduced identical shades in paint and wallpaper colours and both are now best-selling lines. "People standing against these colours look jolly healthy," she says.

The owner of a textile factory in the West Riding of Yorkshire asked for the council's help when workers in a weaving shed continually complained that their department was too hot. The owner was puzzled; he knew that the factory heating was controlled at a comfortable level. Someone had mentioned the possible effect of colours. "Could it be that?" he asked the council, doubtfully.

Audrey Mitchell, one of the council's consultants, visited the shed and noted the warm brown and buff colour scheme. She recommended that the walls should be repainted in cooling greys and greens. After the repainting the owner reported that the complaints had stopped, although the temperature in the shed had not changed.

The problem in the weaving shed was a psychological one. Colour psychologists divide colours into two groups, which cause opposing reactions: the red, orange and yellow end of the spectrum, the sharp and vigorous colours, which are regarded as stimulating, cheering and warming; and the green, blue and violet end, the softer colours, which are relaxing, cold and, if unrelieved by brighter colours, depressing.

These basic reactions, say the psychologists, are caused by man's association with natural colours for thousands of years. Red is sub-consciously associated with fire, blood and danger, yellow with the sun and its cheering warmth. Orange is a mixture of the two. Green is aligned with the greenness and serenity of the countryside in summer, blue with the coldness of ice and water and the spaciousness of sea and sky. Blue violet is regarded as cold and connected with the uncertainty of darkness.

FACTORY inspectors report a big increase in the use of stimulating colour designs in industry. The colourful surroundings are calculated to improve workers' morale, which in turn helps production.

A factory inspector reported last year that an electrical equipment firm in the Midlands had repainted its walls in yellow, green, white, blue, red and grey. The cloakrooms were salmon pink and biscuit, and the canteen was white and olive green, with vivid yellow doors.

Soon after the repainting the manager noticed that the women employees had left off their drab dark-coloured clothes and were coming to work in gay skirts and blouses. . . .

Ernest Bevin knew the value of sunshine yellow. While Foreign Secretary he visited the Ministry of Labour and saw a new conference room being built. Noticing that the painters were using dark brown and green paint, he told them to put down their brushes. "If I tried to settle a dispute in here it would go on for twelve months," said Bevin. "These colours would make me feel like knocking the other fellow flying." Sunshine yellow was substituted.

George Tomlinson, then Minister of Education, who witnessed the incident, later said: "We settled many a tough dispute afterwards in that pleasant room." The Ministry's conference rooms are still painted in light colours.

When the Grand Hotel, Torquay, was re-decorated last year, the colour scheme was designed by Patricia Gorman, chief colour consultant to a group of paint manufacturers. For

the large, austere entrance porch, which was a grey stone colour, Miss Gorman chose primrose, with dusty grey for the pilasters, each of which was given a brick-red panel. The entrance, opposite a railway station, was calculated to look bright and inviting. In a few months the casual bar trade doubled.

A tobacconist's shop in Victoria, London; which last March changed experimentally from cream and chocolate to primrose and Burgundy, reported a thirty per cent increase in sales in three months.

Consumer products and their packages also are designed with psychological colour appeal. A firm making detergents sent different coloured powders to members of its customer-research panel and asked them to select the most efficient. A majority decided in favour of the blue powder. In fact, all of the powders were of the same quality. They differed only in colour.

Blue's association with water and hygiene was believed to have influenced the choice.

Foodstuffs are often in warm-coloured packages, with bright reds and yellows for many



Growing Things

When a man is young and does not know
that time flies fast away,
He plants the things he soon will see in
summer's full array.

Then in the twilight of his youth he
favours most biennials,
And in the swell of manhood looks
benignly on perennials.

But as he nears his winter sleep and
visions no more sees,
He drowns half his hours away and
dreams of planting trees.

JEFFREY PRIEST

tinned foods which have to be heated. "Our first judgment of food is by what we see before we eat it," says Gordon James Chamberlin, managing director of a Salisbury firm which makes instruments for measuring colour.

In an experiment, Chamberlin invited members of the Society of Dyers and Colourists to join him in a meal. His wife made a sponge cake, with icing, adding harmless colouring so that it was entirely in shades of blue. Sausages were also part of the meal; they were a rich green inside. Crème de menthe was served in red glasses, a colour combination which made the liquid appear black through the glass. Few of the guests would touch any of the meal, despite assurances that it was perfectly wholesome.

"My wife was very amused by the experiment," says Chamberlin. "The next day she made me some fishcakes. When I cut one I found that it was a deep mauve inside. My stomach revolted."

When two new wards were added to Larkfield Hospital, Greenock, architects of the Nuffield Foundation and scientists of the Building Research Station produced a colour scheme

designed to have a beneficial effect on patients.

Light-reflecting greys, whites and reduced yellows were used on the main walls to give maximum natural light. These were relieved by areas of strong colour. Bed covers were in red or blue, curtains in black and white or yellow and white, with table tops in pale green. A "day space" for walking patients was bright blue-green with red chairs, a stimulating environment after being confined to bed.

In single bedrooms, where patients were likely to feel lonely and were forced to look at the ceiling for much of the time, the ceilings were painted red or blue. The new wards were completed two years ago. Patients, questioned by observers over a period of twelve months, said that the colours helped them to keep cheerful and added interest to an otherwise dull routine.

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS put a medical team to work when it was found that the airline had a higher rate of air sickness among its passengers than other lines. The brown and yellow interiors of the airliners were found to be the cause. Yellow hastened sickness with colour-sensitive passengers. A change to green and blue-grey interiors reduced the number of sickness cases by forty-five per cent.

Design consultants are now working on a new colour scheme for B.O.A.C.'s seventy passenger airliners. They have been asked for a contemporary scheme which will make passengers feel at home, comfortable and relaxed.

Home owners who consult Lady Casson are invariably advised to adopt colour schemes which are restful. "That is what a home should be," says Lady Casson, who is a qualified architect and interior designer. The colours of her home in Kensington were chosen to fit this mood.

The entrance hall is designed to be cheerful and welcoming, with a wallpaper which has a green and red foliage pattern on a white background. "There is a sense of movement which corresponds with the use of a hall," says Lady Casson. But the living-room walls are a relaxing grey-green mid-tone, bright colours coming only from incidentals in the room. The colours in the bedrooms are similarly restful.

One of the most popular colour trends for many years in interior design has been the use of two or three differently coloured walls in one room.

Lady Casson is not an admirer. "A room should take you in and enclose you—that is what a house is for," she says. "These schemes tend to break up a room and have a restless effect."

One of Britain's most colour-conscious cities is Bristol, largely due to the work of J. Nelson Meredith, who retired as city architect last year. For council houses facing north he designed colour schemes dominated by honeysuckle and pale beige, colours which have a strong light-reflecting value; but for houses facing south, which get plenty of natural light, he has used a range of greys. In schools he has made a wide use of ivories and greys, which are bright without being a distraction to pupils.

At the city's airport terminal, opened last year, the departure rooms are in greys, to soothe passengers about to depart, while the arrival rooms are in warm beige, which is intended to impart a cheerful feeling of welcome. In the airport control tower, aircraft controllers work in red surroundings to keep them alert after looking at the restful green of the airfield.

The interior of Bristol's new £75,000 crematorium is painted in ivories and blue-greys. "Such places should not be dark and depressing," says Meredith. "This scheme is quiet but uplifting."

For twenty years he has campaigned for the dull red-oxide colour of Clifton suspension bridge to be changed. He believes that a brighter colour would reduce the number of suicides. The company which controls the bridge recently started to repaint it. The bridge is now to be a bright silver grey.

THE END

THE HOLE IN MY HEART

by SHEILA BLUNDUN

**It meant a slow
death—or a fifty-fifty
chance of life**

THE hole in my heart was discovered when I was ten. I had always been a delicate child. I grew tired quickly and repeatedly missed school through illness. One day I was playing in the garden with my brother when I fell heavily on my back.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

"Of course. Pull me up."

Two days later I was still in pain, and the doctor sent me to hospital. X-rays revealed my heart condition.

I was forbidden to run, play games or ride a bicycle. The doctors said that one step too many, one spasm of excitement, could cause me to die. For the next seventeen years I lived more at the pace of a tortoise than at that of a human being.

Towards the end of those seventeen years I spent most of my time in bed or in hospital. Last year I was not expected to live more than another twenty-four months.

Then came the miracle of my second life. On October 28, surgeons—using new methods—stilled my heart and mended the hole. At twenty-seven I was re-born.

Now, for the first time, I can enjoy such simple pleasures as shopping, visiting friends, walking in the country and going to the pictures. Later I shall be able to marry and raise a family. I can look forward to a normal old age.

Each new day holds wonderment for me. When I awake I rise realizing, as if in a dream, that the day will not be overshadowed by pain or sudden death. This spring I have been able to walk in the fields and see summer unfolding, and I am grateful beyond words for the gift of

Now Sheila Blundun enjoys the normal life of a healthy young woman at her new home in Sussex

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH
BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



life. As a child I recall feeling terribly lonely. Other children found it hard to reduce their pace to mine. Even the most loyal gave up trying after a while.

At school, when the others went out to break, I sat on the school veranda and watched. When the others played netball, I watched. On sports day I watched.

One term our form teacher told us that we were going to produce a play. We all helped with the writing, and I remember longing for the rehearsals. At last there seemed to be something in which I could take part. But when the time came, the teacher told me: "I'm afraid the work and the excitement will be too much for you, Sheila. You'll just have to watch."

I no longer wanted to watch. If I could not do as the others did, I had no wish to know about it. Instead of going to school one day I secretly went to Rise Park, at Romford, where we lived, and sat in the sun. On my own I felt free.

Later in the day a number of people began to pass, so I moved to a quieter end of the park. There I stayed, watching the birds, until it was time to go home.

I repeated this for several days. Because illness so often kept me away from school, my teacher naturally thought that I was at home. Eventually my conscience overcame me. Tearfully I told her how I had played truant.

"Are you so very unhappy?" she said. I was not punished.

At the age of thirteen I left school for good. In the days that followed I lived largely within the garden walls of the white house on the hill which was my home in Essex. I was not even allowed to play with the dog. He would exhaust me.

Instead, I was encouraged to keep rabbits. Their hutch was placed so that I could feed them and clean them without tiring myself.

In those days the war was in its closing stages. I was in North Street, Romford, one morning, when a rocket-bomb landed nearby. The blast bowled me into the doorway of a shop. It was a funeral parlour. I sat on the step with my heart pounding and wondered what sort of life was ahead of me. Would it really be worth living?

The end of the war widened the difference between my contemporaries and myself. In their middle teens, they celebrated the early days of peace by joining tennis clubs, going to dances, swimming, hiking and romancing. To me their lives were as remote as they were desirable.

I made several attempts to join in. At Easter, 1947, I went to my first dance. It was a "Grand Ball" organized by a youth organization in

Romford. Though I was not allowed to dance, I was determined to be a success as a sitter-out. I had a new frock, of blue chiffon with a very full skirt, for the occasion.

Everyone seemed tremendously self-assured. Some of the girls chatted to me for a while, then moved off excitedly to dance. A fair-haired boy whom I had sometimes seen passing our house smiled at me.

I went and helped to prepare refreshments. Pottering with the cakes and sandwiches, I felt more at ease. At the same time I kept looking at the balloons which hung from the ceiling, and I wondered what it would be like to chase them as they sailed down later in the evening.

After a while the fair-haired boy came and asked me to dance. I had gone over this situation many times in my mind, and had decided to explain frankly why I could not do so.

Instead I found myself saying, "I'm sorry, I'd rather not, if you don't mind."

As he walked away my determination to enjoy the evening crumbled. "Why didn't you tell him the reason?" someone asked.

"I'm tired," I replied. "I must go home."

Two friends took me back to the house, said good night, then returned to the dance. I crawled into bed and cried myself to sleep. That was the only time I wore the blue chiffon dress.

Early the following year I resolved to get a job. Whatever the cost, I decided, it would be a step nearer normality. My doctor told me that I was foolish to consider the idea. "But if you are determined to work, get something near home, make sure that you will be able to sit down all the time, and rest during the evenings and weekends."

I went to the labour exchange and was given a quiet job, with short hours, in a coal registration office. By lying down as soon as I got home, I managed to ward off the effects for several weeks. Then I began to feel very tired. Having to listen to what the other girls had done in the evenings became more and more depressing.

At this time I knew a young Scotsman named Bob, who liked a quiet life well enough to come and talk to me sometimes. When the others in the office asked me how I spent my spare time, I used to say: "Oh, I went out with my boy friend," or "Bob and I had a good time together."

I got a reputation for understatement. "You're a dark horse, Sheila," they would say.

I never told them that "going out" with my boy friend meant a careful stroll down the road and back, and that a "good time" consisted of sitting at home and talking.

Eventually Bob drifted on to another part of

the country and my health forced me to give up the job. Before I left I was asked what I intended to do next. "I shall probably volunteer for the W.A.A.F.," I said absurdly.

Because the idea was absurd, people who knew me took no notice. Perhaps because they took no notice, I was goaded into going ahead with the scheme. With a uniform I could show them that I was not useless.

Even when it was realized that I was serious, nobody made any effort to stop me. They were sure that the "medical" would do that.

The examining doctor was young and had a confident manner. I told him that I was perfectly fit. "Why is your heart beating so fast?" he asked.

"I'm nervous," I said.

"Are you normally like this?"

"No. I've just run up the stairs."

He ordered me to lie down for five minutes. I remembered what other doctors had told me. The function of my heart was to receive from the body blood which had used up its oxygen, pump it through the lungs to get fresh oxygen, then pump it back to the body again. A hole between two chambers of my heart was causing pure and impure blood to mix so that my body could not get sufficient oxygen. Exertion which called suddenly for extra blood oxygen could prove fatal.

When the five minutes was up my heart was still hammering. The medical officer gave me an assured smile and passed me A1.

My mother, who travelled with me to make sure that I got home safely, was waiting outside with a flask of brandy. She had thought that I might need some to help me recover from the disappointment of failing. When she heard that I had passed she drank it herself.

Three weeks later I received instructions to report to a camp at Wilmslow, Cheshire. The journey made me terribly tired, but I was elated at the same time to be treated on equal terms with the other girls. There was snow on the ground when we arrived. Somehow I managed to drag myself to the hut in which we were to live.

Thankfully, I fell on my bed fully clothed, pulled the blankets over me and stayed there until the morning.

To conserve energy I decided not to make the trek to the cookhouse for breakfast. Soon I felt very hungry. My misery was complete when the others returned and said that we were to be X-rayed.

After the X-rays my name was called on the loudspeaker and I plodded wearily back to the medical office. There were three officers in the room. "Did you know, Miss Blundun, that you have a heart defect?"

"No," I said. "You must have the wrong X-ray."

It was my last lie. I collapsed at their feet. Eventually I spent two months in the W.A.A.F.—on my back in hospital.

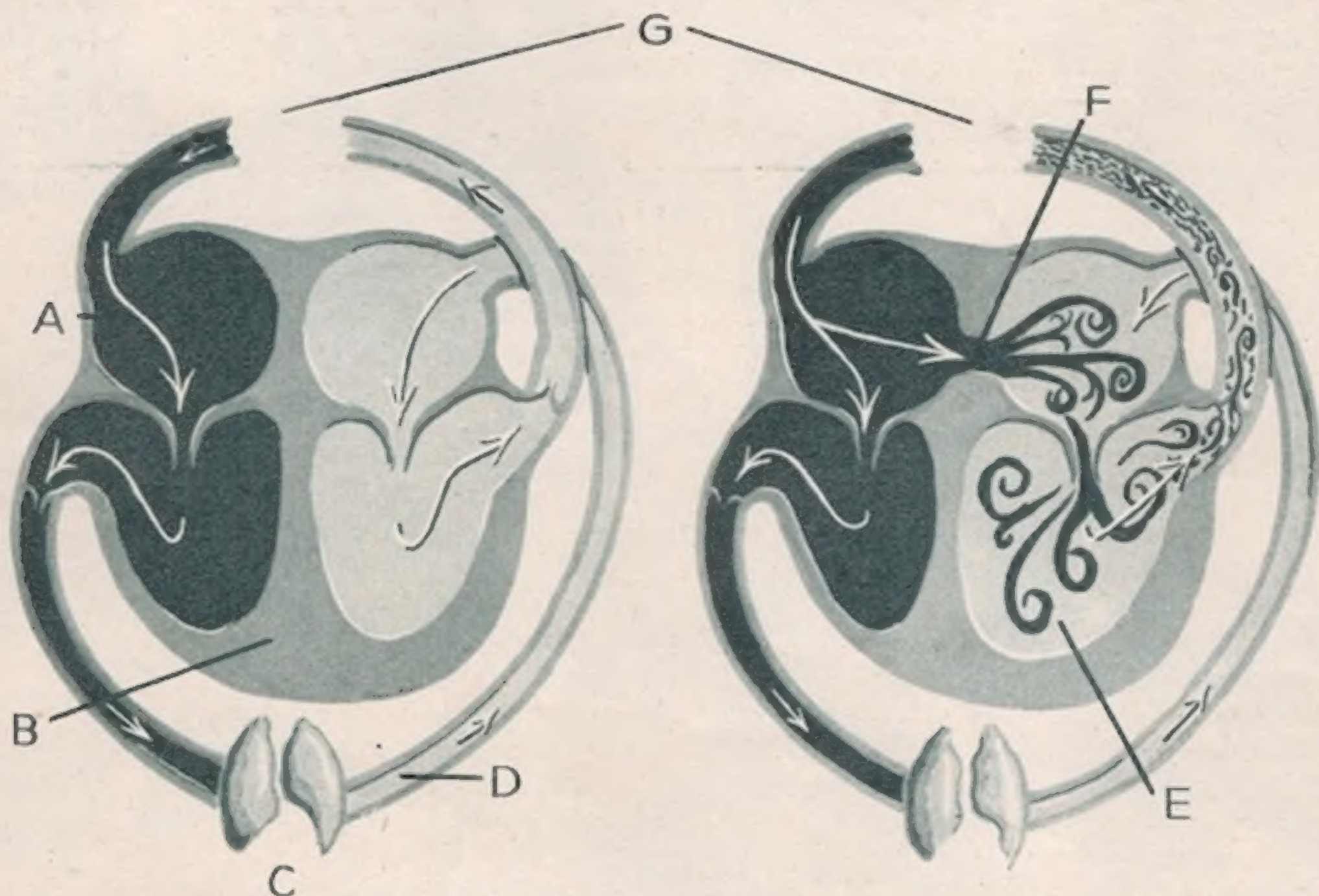
I came out in spring, 1949, and spent a short period at a government training centre for the disabled at Letchworth, Herts. Most of the people there had very obvious disabilities, and the fact that I looked completely normal (except for being rather underweight) made me feel uncomfortable.

One girl was completely crippled with arthritis. I used to help her to dress, undress and wash. Although she could do nothing for herself, she was so cheerful that I felt guilty about being miserable and discontented with my life.

But, by this time, things were getting worse. I was feeling more anginous pain and my breathing was often very bad. The doctors now confirmed my fears that I could never hope to embark on a normal married life and survive. I became terrified by the thought of falling in love and deliberately sought to ridicule the idea of friendship between myself and men whom I liked.

One of the trainees at Letchworth was a young

Continued on page 37



In a normal heart (left) blood lacking in oxygen (A) is pumped by the heart (B) through the lungs (C) and then goes back to the heart (D) to be pumped to the body cells (G). In Sheila Blundun's heart (right) blood from the lungs mixed with used blood (E) which leaked through the hole in her heart (F). The blood in her body (G) did not have enough oxygen



The girl eyed Bracegirdle. "I'd take you to where he is," she said. "If there was a reward"

He'd spent an

entire lifetime hunting

down lawbreakers—but he was

fooled by the tricks of

a lovelorn teenager

BRACEGIRDLE and the BOOK of RULES

by THURMAN
WARRINER

ILLUSTRATED BY
EDWIN PHILLIPS

INSPECTOR BRACEGIRDLE threw a heaped shovel of coals on his office fire. Though it was late spring, it was a bitter evening. The slush in the High Street was being churned by skidding buses, and snow was still falling.

"Why pick on us?" asked Sergeant Strake.

"Because his girl lives here. Magill did too, for a time, though he did the job they sent him down for in Essex."

"They never learn." The sergeant gave a melancholy shake of his head. "If I'd broken out of the jug, I'd stay a long way from anybody who knew me. But they don't, and that's how they get back inside again. Who's the dame, sir?"

"The girl," Inspector Bracegirdle said, "is Ellen Corbett." He looked up as Strake whistled. "You know her?"

"I do indeed. Look for her in Spencer's, sir. Leaning on the juke-box. A teenagers' home from home, Spencer's."

"Why should I look for her anywhere? I'm going to watch the house. Or you are. Where does she live?"

"A place at the bottom of Church Steep, scheduled for demolition. Mother's a cleaner

at Pearson's offices. No father to speak of. Two lodgers."

"Well acquainted with the seamy side, aren't you? If I asked for a line on the mayor or the town clerk, you wouldn't know half as much."

"I've got plenty on them, too, sir, if you ever want it. The mayor, for instance—"

"All right, that'll do." Bracegirdle rubbed his sparse moustache and reached for his coat. "Coming?"

From High Street they crossed Market Square. "Worth taking a look," Strake said as they came to Spencer's. "Inspector, may I ask you to join me in a cheering cup of espresso coffee?" He lowered his voice. "What did I tell you? There she is."

He elbowed his way towards the counter. The inspector, who knew Spencer's well, nodded to the quick-eyed Italian behind the coffee machine and glanced round.

The air was shaking with the voice of the monstrous juke-box in the corner. Half a dozen teenagers were crouched over it, lifting their shoulders and bending their knees as if engaged in some obscure ritual. The only motionless one was Ellen Corbett.

Bracegirdle remembered her now. She wasn't

a child any more, but she was young, with the sinuous grace of an animal. Her dark hair framed a broad forehead; her eyes and lips were dangerously warm.

He took the coffee from Strake. He had turned away and was watching the heavy, wet snowflakes drift past the window when he was aware of the girl at his elbow.

"Well, Mr. Policeman?"

Bracegirdle eyed her steadily.

"You don't have to tell me," she said. "I heard it on the wireless."

"You'd better go home," Bracegirdle said.

"Why? D'you think he'll come tonight?" As the inspector finished his coffee and put the cup on the counter, she added scornfully: "You don't think I care about Terry Magill now, do you? You're wasting your time following me around. I'm through with him."

"Does Terry Magill know that?"

"I told him often enough. Listen, I'm twenty. He's got three years to do yet. More now he's made a break. D'you think I'm just waiting for the day when he comes out and starts knocking me around again?"

"I'm glad you see it that way," Bracegirdle said. "Plenty of chances for a girl with your

looks without throwing yourself away on a man like that."

She nodded. "That's what I've been thinking for a long time. That's why I could have laughed when I saw you come through the door just now. He won't come anywhere near here."

"Where will he come?" Strake asked in his flat voice.

"You'd like to know that, wouldn't you?"

She sauntered across to the juke-box, hips swaying. She was wearing a flame dress cut disconcertingly low at the front. Bracegirdle watched her put a coin in the machine. A thick, cloying voice filled the steamy room.

She turned with her back to the juke-box. Her forehead was very white against that dark hair, and her full red lips drooped.

"I hate him," she said, "for a lot of reasons I couldn't start telling you. I'd take you to where he is, if there was a reward."

"There isn't a reward," Bracegirdle told her severely. "But if you know where he is, it's your duty to tell us."

The girl leaned towards the inspector, and spoke venomously. "All I want is to be there when you catch up with him. I'd like to see the look on his face when he knows I've shopped him. It'll make up for the last thing he said."

"What was that?"

"That's private. Do I go or don't I?"

Bracegirdle didn't like the idea. He knew nothing in Terry Magill's favour, but to take his girl along so that she could gloat over his capture seemed curiously repugnant.

On the other hand, it was a short cut. It might save a weekend of watching and waiting, and probably a wearisome search of the moors.

"Miss Corbett," he said sternly. "I want you to tell me where I can find Magill."

It was a final appeal but a useless one. She reached up to a hook for her coat.

Bracegirdle caught up with her at the door. "I'll take you along," he said.

She smiled. "Thought you would all the time. I'm not fooling, you know. I know where he'll be. We fixed where to meet before he went inside. He swore he'd make a break. We go the low road way."

That was the local name for the Holtrigg to Horthfield road. It followed the Blackwinter valley, with the river a hundred feet below and the wild moors just beyond a fringe of trees.

"It's at the quarry," Ellen said. "You'd better stop this side."

BRACEGIRDLE took his time, for the road was in an atrocious state. Flanking the quarry was a stone-crushing and grading plant, silent and stark now under the grey night sky.

"There's a shed," the girl said. "It's an old garage with a store at the back. If he's not there already, you'll have to wait."

Nearer the shed door, Bracegirdle pulled her back. "Take a look, Strake."

Strake went forward. "Nothing in here," he said. "No telling about the place behind."

"Is the door shut?"

"Yes."

"Kick it open. I'm close behind."

Strake moved towards the inner door. "If anybody's in, he's lying low. . . . Ah!" He sent the door reeling back against the wall. "Empty. So he's not—*strewth!*"

The inspector turned sharply. The outer door had slammed shut. In one single moment of shame and fury he realized what had happened. Never, never before in his life had he walked open-eyed into a trap like this.

"Open this door!" he bawled, but there was no answer. "Strake, where's your torch?"

The sergeant swung the light round. But the door was solid and didn't give a fraction. Bracegirdle flung himself against it with no result but a bruised shoulder.

"Hold it, guv'nor!" Strake said. "This'll come in handy."

He came from the back room with a length

of floor-joist. It certainly did come in handy, but it still took them a couple of minutes to get out. And in those minutes the girl had vanished.

"Hasn't gone back to the car or either way along the road," Bracegirdle panted.

"Look there!" Strake shouted, pointing up the steep bank beside the quarry. "Somebody on the other side of the trees with a torch."

He started to scramble through the thick undergrowth towards the edge of the moor. He had a good start over the inspector, but Bracegirdle caught up with him and passed him. The moorland track was hard and treacherous, but now they could see the girl, floundering over the next ridge. . . .

SHE turned and faced them before they caught up with her.

"You devils!" she said. "I'd like to kill you both and leave you here."

"Take it easy," Strake said.

His reward was a blow in the face that sent him reeling back. It took all their combined strength to drag her along the track and through the wooded fringe to the road. Then suddenly, so suddenly that the inspector felt shocked and bewildered, she stopped struggling and began to cry, bitterly and miserably, like a child.

Strake opened the rear door of the car and she climbed inside. "Mr. Bracegirdle," she sobbed, "please, please don't take me back."

Bracegirdle's mouth twitched. He was a very sentimental man. For years the Holtrigg children had called him *Mister* Bracegirdle when he shepherded them across the street or gave talks at their schools.

"We can't stay here all night," he said. "You've had your fun, Ellen."

"Don't take me back. You've got to listen." She leaned forward, plucking at his coat. "Mr. Bracegirdle, it came on the one o'clock news. We were in the canteen. I'm a packer at Pearson's. Everybody laughed at me."

He reached towards the starter.

"Mr. Bracegirdle—please! I'm sorry for what I did. I truly am. I'm sorry if I scratched you. But they started laughing. And there was a policeman outside at five. He followed me home. I knew he'd be waiting for Terry, like I knew what you'd come to Spencer's for. I couldn't go and meet Terry the way I promised I would, because I knew you'd follow me."

Bracegirdle said: "I'm taking you home to see if Mr. Magill calls. Which is roughly what we were going to do before this little interlude upset our plans. I suppose you were going to meet Magill when we caught up with you?"

She was plucking at Bracegirdle's coat again. "That's right, he's not far away. But I want you to let me go and see him alone."

Bracegirdle reached for the starter again.

"You know what you used to say when you came to the school? Always go to the police if you're in trouble, you said. They're your friends, they'll help you."

"They're quite willing to help you, Ellen, but—"

"Then let me go. About that last thing he told me before he went inside. . . . He told me, 'I love you, and I always will.' And I said I'd wait. I'm going to, no matter how long it is. I started going around with the boys again, but it didn't work out. That's why I've got to see him."

Bracegirdle turned in his seat.

"Ellen," he said, "I've got myself into a lot of trouble one time and another, doing things off the record. I've lived a long time in Holtrigg and I've a soft spot for you kids."

"I'm willing to forget all this, and I'm pretty sure the sergeant will forgive you for that black eye. . . . But Magill's a man on the run, and I can't just let you go and talk to him."

"Terry's not real bad," she said softly. "He comes from London. You ought to see where he lived. Our house isn't much, but gosh, that was awful! He'd nobody. He started hating



Bracegirdle looked the giant up and down. "I'm ready when you are," he said. "But I'd prefer you to come quietly"

everybody, and then he started stealing things.

Her mouth was near the inspector's ear. She talked quickly, urgently. "Mr. Bracegirdle, he'll go crazy if he has to go back without seeing me. He'll kill somebody—maybe you."

"That's a risk the police have to accept."

"I know where he'll be. I'll talk to him. I'll tell him I love him and I'll wait for him if he'll go back quietly. I swear I'll bring him back."

It was the second dilemma the inspector had faced that evening. He liked this one even less than the first. He had been warned that Magill was a powerful man and might be violent.

"We could let you go," he compromised, "and keep you in sight."

"He'd know it was a trap. He'd think I'd taken you to him, and that would make him worse than ever. Let me go alone."

Bracegirdle slowly filled his pipe. "I'm probably crazier than you are. . . . Very well, I'll take a chance on it."

He stared along the road, acutely conscious of cheap scent behind him as she fumbled in her bag and started to powder her face. It was Strake who opened the door for her.

"I'll give you half an hour," Bracegirdle said.

She smiled at him through the window. "If I'm not on the level, you'll be able to follow my tracks."

Strake slammed the door. After a long time he said: "I could do with a drink."

"So could I," Bracegirdle admitted.

"What do we do till she comes back?"

Bracegirdle shrugged slightly. "Work out what



we're going to do if she doesn't come back."

"Mind if I smoke, sir? . . . Point is, *will* she come back?"

"I'm staking all I know of human nature on it."

The snow was coming down faster than ever. Bracegirdle kept his eyes on the blank white windscreen, thinking of anything to pass the time. He avoided looking at his watch. . . .

"Forty minutes, sir," Strake said.

The inspector didn't comment. He was drumming his fingers on the wheel.

"Ten minutes ago, sir, I told you she'd been gone her time. I leave you to work it out."

The inspector hunched his chin into his collar, not altogether to keep out the cold. He had never been able to understand why he periodically prejudiced his future—what was left of it—by surrendering to his sentimental instincts.

Strange, though, that it so often paid off.

He got out of the car suddenly, with Strake following like a hopeful dog. Feeling slightly jaded, telling himself it was the long day and the biting weather, he approached the bank.

"We'll pick up her trail," he said, "then look around for any convenient spot where they might have got under cover. If we don't dig something up within a few minutes, you'd better slip back and start things moving."

"How much of this do I tell them?" Strake inquired.

Bracegirdle, head down to the driving snow, didn't reply.

Past the place where they had first caught

up with her, they came to a single line of prints leading along the flank of the moor. The silence was deadly, a blanketed, lonely silence.

"Any ideas?" he asked Strake.

"There's a bit of a cart-shed up yonder."

"How far?"

"Half a mile, perhaps."

"More like ten miles in this. Ah. . . !"

Bracegirdle stumbled badly, straightened himself and stood very still.

"All right, sir?"

"So-so. Bit of a twist, that's all." Bracegirdle started forward again, cautiously. "Strake, I'm damned sorry about all this."

"Don't worry about me, sir. I like a tough walk now and again. Keeps my belly down."

"I'd have sworn she was a hell-cat Magill had chucked to one side," Bracegirdle said. "That's why I don't understand myself falling for it when she changed the tune. Am I slipping, Strake?"

They plodded on, following that winding trail of prints. "Slipping, sir?"

"It's a long time since I chalked up my set of rules. I felt up against something in that snack-bar tonight. And I still do."

"You're too human, sir," Strake said. "Too human, that's always been your tr— Oi, what's that?"

He stopped in his tracks. A shadowy figure, a looming, enormous figure, was moving towards them through the whirling whiteness.

"He's carrying the girl," Bracegirdle said. . . .

He was one of the biggest men Bracegirdle

had ever seen, with hair that flaunted red and angry even in the snowy darkness.

"Put me down, Terry," the girl said.

"You're only a baby to carry." He stared challengingly at Bracegirdle. "You shouldn't have let her come. She's hurt her leg."

It was a voice curiously gentle. But he was a man who could pick up the two of them and crack their heads together.

He put the girl down in the snow. "You can take her now," he said.

"And what about you?" Bracegirdle said.

"Sure. Like to start anything?"

Bracegirdle looked him up and down. "I'm ready when you are. But I'd prefer you to come quietly."

"I'll bet you would!"

"It's a cold night up here. And we'd get you tomorrow. Unless you're lying between a couple of rocks with your neck broken."

"I'll take a chance on that."

Bracegirdle flashed a warning glance at Strake. But the girl suddenly spoke.

"Terry, you promised!"

"So what?" he said, not looking at her.

"I don't know what you promised her," Bracegirdle said, "but I know what she promised me. Are you going to make her a liar?"

"She's a kid. . . . She don't understand."

"She thought she understood you. Seems she was wrong. She did a lot for you tonight. Enough to get herself—"

"So that's it?" Magill moved a step nearer

"If you don't get me, you pull her in?"

"I don't do deals like that," Bracegirdle said.

"Terry, work it out for yourself," Ellen pleaded.

She was shivering in the snow. "Let's do something about getting her back," Strake said, "and the hell with this slob. The kid's going to have pneumonia."

Bracegirdle nodded and dropped on one knee beside her. "You can't walk at all?"

"I've tried, but—but it hurts."

"Let me look. . . . Doesn't seem broken. Made a nice mess of it, haven't you?"

She started to cry. Bracegirdle took off his coat and put it over her. "Come on, Strake. Take her feet, and keep that leg straight."

"And what about me?" roared Magill.

"You?" Bracegirdle eyed him witheringly. "You'll have to wait up here till I've time to start chasing you. Ready, Strake?"

"Look. . . . What if I did come back with you? I could carry her. What if I did?"

"If you did, there'd be a nice hot supper and a smoke and a chat with your girl. Then we'd drive to Horthfield. You can finish your stretch and then—well, in your shoes, I'd marry her."

Magill pushed them aside and picked her up.

THEY were back at the police station. Ellen was sitting in front of the fire with her leg across another chair.

"You know Doctor Stevens's place?" Bracegirdle said.

"Next to the Co-op?" Magill asked.

"That's the place. Ask him to come up. And what about that hot supper?"

Magill grinned. "Pie and peas and chips. From Hudson's."

"Call on your way back," Bracegirdle took a couple of half-crowns from his pocket. "I dare-say your girl could tackle some too. So could the sergeant and I."

When he had gone, Strake shook his head. "I could have gone, sir. And got the grub too."

"He'll come back," Bracegirdle said. He nodded towards the girl, softly young and beautiful as she held out her hands to the fire. "Some men are so strong and dangerous, Strake, that you have to use silk to hold them down. They break through iron. . . . That's one of the things I chalked up all those years ago. I'm glad it still holds."

THE END

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What really goes on in Piccadilly Circus?

ON New Year's Eve, 1955, an anonymous American moved among revellers in Piccadilly Circus and gave away a pound note whenever he came across anybody who seemed to him to be in need of money. On VE-Day, 1945, newspaper sellers in Piccadilly Circus dropped their papers and sold flags. They paid a shilling each for the flags but they found that people were willing to pay £1, just as people had twenty-one years before, on Armistice Day, 1918.

A revue actress, Zoë Gail, vowed during the postwar days of austerity that on the night the government ended the dim-out she would sing "I'm Going To Get Lit Up When The Lights Go Up In London." To be sure of a huge audience she chose to sing—on April 2, 1949—from the balcony of the Criterion Restaurant, overlooking Piccadilly Circus. Below, in heavy rain, crowds packed the roadway, swayed rhythmically and joined in the song.

London crowds with serious objectives march to Trafalgar Square; those bent on pleasure meander into Piccadilly Circus. Usually the excuse is a celebration: the dawn of a new year or the result of a cup final, a boat race or a general election. Once in the Circus the people block the traffic, gaze at the neon lights, laugh at the humour of wags, sympathize with athletes who climb lamp-posts well greased in advance by employees of Westminster City Council, blow

Almost anything...from
fools' errands to
the biggest and wildest
parties in Britain

by JOHN ENNIS

musical toys, sing or simply stand and complain about the crush. Most go home tired, some go home drunk; a few don't go home at all. They spend the night in cells and appear next day at Bow Street Magistrates' Court to be fined a few shillings on charges such as "causing an obstruction" or "drunk and disorderly."

Because Piccadilly Circus has been called "the centre of London" and "the hub of the Empire," most visitors from the provinces or overseas visit it, whatever else they may miss. Many expect to see more than they do. Newspaper sellers there insist that naïve visitors repeatedly ask: "When does the circus begin?" or, "Where are the lions and tigers?"

Even in daylight Piccadilly Circus will rapidly fill with people if anything unusual happens. On January 3, 1949, William Painter, a thirty-eight year old unemployed plumber from Plumstead, climbed the statue of Eros in the centre of the Circus. He held off policemen and firemen for half an hour, twanging the statue's bowstring and misquoting Keats. "Stout Cortez," he declaimed, "upon a peak in Darien." Firemen raised an escape ladder and hauled him, wet from the fountain, down to the waiting police.

Within a few minutes of Painter's mounting the statue the traffic was pinned down by thousands of people standing in the road. The manager of a shop nearby says: "They were

Continued on page 27

The way

JACK YOUNG, the long-serving Middlesex cricketer and an old favourite with his home crowd at Lord's, walked out to bat for his team with a small lamp glowing from the front of a miner's helmet which he was wearing. The match was taking place after dark on August 11, 1952, when Middlesex played Arsenal footballers at cricket in floodlit Highbury Stadium.

The miner's helmet and the use of a white ball and white stumps beneath football floodlights were not the only departures from the M.C.C. tradition of cricket. The teams had borrowed a rule from Rugby League to field thirteen players on each side, and much of the play suggested Crazy Gang comedy routines.

Fieldsmen struck matches when Young, the cricketers' thirteenth man, arrived at the crease and pretended that he could not see the other wicket. Young eventually made the winning hit with an off-drive beyond the boundary. George Swindin, the Arsenal goalkeeper, insisted on making a spectacular dive for a ball which was no longer on the pitch.

Most of the crowd enjoyed the fun. But three unsmiling M.C.C. members walked out of the ground in the middle of the match, and Jack Robertson, the Middlesex batsman, said afterwards: "It was all very entertaining, although not really cricket."

But Young, at least, had only an incidental interest in cricket that evening. The floodlit game had been organized as part of his benefit season. The spectators who had laughed at his antics with the miner's helmet had also contributed £568 to his benefit fund.

"The cricketer has to become a showman and a business man during his benefit season," says Alec Bedser, whose £12,866 benefit in 1953 was the second highest in the game's history. "He has to widen his appeal with stunts. It's the only way he can make the most of his once-in-a-lifetime chance to get big money."

The tax-free concession which applies to all cricket benefits enables a £750-a-year county professional to reach a millionaire's income bracket during his benefit year. The £14,000 Cyril Washbrook received from his record benefit in 1948 was worth £145,000 of taxable earnings. Footballers have to pay tax on the benefits of up to £750 which they receive every five years. Stanley Matthews would have to play in first-class football for many years to match Washbrook's benefit thousands.

Denis Compton's £12,000 benefit was the

Women of Norwood Cricket Club organized tombola at a dance last month for Eric Bedser. Expenses are costing him £1,000



to be a cricket millionaire

Once in his career a cricketer is allowed to go mad. It's his only chance of making a fortune



A collection was taken in a sheet at a village Sunday match for Denis Compton's fund, which raised over £12,000



Working five hours a day Doug Wright autographed 25,000 copies of a cricket book produced to augment his benefit

equivalent of another P.A.Y.E. fortune. Less than half of it came from Lord's or serious cricket. He waltzed with Jane Russell at one of a series of dances which raised £950. A carnival cricket match at the Arsenal stadium brought him £1,000. Compton-sponsored publications made another £1,800.

Alec Bedser appeared with the Beverley Sisters on the stage of the Victoria Palace during a variety concert in aid of his benefit fund. He also escorted Ava Gardner to a Test match. Dick Pollard, of Lancashire, established himself as a pianist during his benefit season and made money with a competition which offered as first prize a grand piano from the Old Trafford pavilion. Arthur McIntyre, the Surrey wicket-keeper, boosted his benefit receipts by staging a baseball game. Jim Laker was all set to lead an all-star football team against the Corinthian Casuals during his benefit year in 1956, but the Football Association banned the match as likely to establish a precedent.

Benefit players make personal appearance tours of their county. They attend parish hall dances and quizzes, judge beauty competitions, and sit down to as many as eighty-five village club dinners in six months.

Most counties restrict their first-team players to six Sunday matches. When "a Surrey XI" could muster only ten men for a village green fixture, Eric Bedser batted twice, pretending he was Alec, his twin brother, as well.

Weekend teams are usually completed by cricket-mad film and TV stars who ensure the box office appeal of the scratch sides. Richard Attenborough, Donald Sinden, Trevor Howard, Peter Haigh and Macdonald Hobley regularly appear in benefit games near London. Programmes have been sold by Jacqueline Mackenzie, Zena Marshall and Sheila Sim. England players resting during a big match in

the area are enrolled to parade with collecting tins.

Boris Karloff, Hollywood's keenest cricket enthusiast, often umpired benefit games during his visit to this country two years ago. Tony Lock bowled his first ball in one game, struck the home batsman on the pad, and wheeled round to make a typically ferocious appeal. The crowd saw the joke as Lock then shrank back from one of umpire Karloff's most sinister expressions. Lock and Karloff developed a vaudeville-type feud in that and subsequent matches.

"If the imagination and energy put into benefits were applied to county games," says a member of the Warwickshire club, "there would be no need to worry about brightening up cricket."

THE more successful of postwar benefits have been organized by committees on behalf of the cricketer. Most of the northern counties appoint a club sub-committee to help the player. In the south the benefit committee usually has a looser link with the club, and consists mainly of influential friends.

Eric Bedser, who has been with Surrey for twenty years, is one of eight cricketers who have been awarded benefits by their counties this year. His committee is made up of his brother, Alec, Peter May, the England and Surrey captain, Ted Lewis, head of the Decca group, and Jack Coventry, a member of the Surrey club. The honorary secretary is George Porter, a Battersea business man and cricket follower who has made a hobby of organizing cricket benefits.

"While the player is free to enjoy his season in the limelight and dream of tax-free riches," says

Porter, "the committee tries to make sure he will at least not make a loss."

Eric Bedser has already committed nearly £1,000 of his own money in preparing for his benefit season.

In awarding a benefit, a county club usually opens a subscription list for the professional, allows him three collections on the ground, and gives him the gate receipts from a county match, after deducting the expenses for both that game and its return fixture. George Geary, the pre-war England and Leicestershire star, ended up a few pounds in debt after bad weather ruined his benefit match. He was offered a second benefit, but refused, saying: "I can't afford it."

Cricketers now pay up to £500 to insure their benefit matches, potentially worth several thousand pounds, against rain. Alan Watkins, of Glamorgan, had his benefit match washed out in 1955, but it was insured and his benefit fund eventually reached £4,800, a record for the county. Two years later Gilbert Parkhouse, a Glamorgan team-mate, made sure that his benefit match was also covered against bad weather. The sun shone, but there was a bus strike and the ground was almost deserted. Parkhouse did well to finish the season with £3,750.

The three benefit collections can be made whenever the player decides. "The ideal time," says Johnny Wardle, who had last season's top benefit of £8,100, "is after you do the hat-trick or score a century on a scorching Saturday afternoon."

Jim Laker's benefit season coincided with his triumphs against the Australians in 1956. Holding back his collecting boxes for a combination of special success and fine weather at his own ground, the Test star ended the season with only two collections taken, the third wasted.

"Too much is left to chance with cricket

Continued on page 30

by PETER JACKSON

Suddenly Janet was scared. This man was
a heartless killer - ... and she
had promised to marry him

by DUDLEY HOYS

ILLUSTRATED BY COLEMAN



Proud Harness

WHEN Janet Caswell looked around and said, "It's just like heaven!" Tom Watson's mouth twitched slightly. It was a reserved, almost unemotional grin, typical of the breed. "Aye," he said, "'tis bonnie."

His far-seeing blue eyes searched the fells. The high summits were a drowsy lilac under the sunny sky. Lower, where he and Janet stood, the heather had a fullness of purple that cast up dustings of pollen beneath the hoofs of the jostling sheep. Here, at the turning point of the gather, three hundred fleecy bodies were drifting slowly in the direction of the dale.

Jim Martin, cutting a bit of black twist and stuffing his pipe, said: "I'll take yon ridge." Tom nodded. Jim called his dog and set off northward. On his way down he would chivvy any stragglers towards the centre.

Tom said: "You stick to the middle, lass. Just dawdle behind 'em. I'll leave you Gyp. He'll do the job."

He squeezed Janet's shoulder, and she smiled at him. She said: "I'm watching everything, Tom. If I'm going to be a sheep farmer's wife, I must learn all about it."

He grinned again. "Aye. Leave things to Gyp. He'll manage. I'm off up-bank."

With Spy, the second dog, at his heels, he strode across the hollow and began to ascend the southern slope above the lip of the dale. His tall, wiry figure moved as if no steep gradient challenged his lungs and legs. Watching him, Janet was conscious of her pride in him. He had an air of quiet confidence that made him seem older than twenty-four.

The white-throated Gyp was already taking charge, lolloping from flank to flank, here nudging a lagging ewe and her lamb, there snaking into a clotted tangle of brackens to rout out a deserter trying to dodge the column, and generally steering the whickering caravan towards the dale. All Janet had to do was to loiter along in the rear.

She felt wonderfully happy. Six months ago, down in London, she had disliked the idea of her father retiring up here. It would be exile. Now, she not only adored the place, but had also fallen in love with a young man quite different from the kind she had met in cities. He needed a deal of understanding, but somehow that increased the attraction.

Presently she could see the walls of the top intake. Jim Martin was coming in from the right. Tom appeared from the left, among some stony hummocks.

Just above the intake gateway an old dog lay sprawled, yammering softly and flagging its tail. Janet ran forward. "Fleet—you poor old thing." Stooping over him, she slid her fingers through the sparse hair between the ears. He raised his head, one eye a sightless glaze and the other half-blind, and nuzzled her hand.

The dogs were steering the whole convoy through the intake, with Jim Martin in

attendance. This afternoon they would be soused in the dipping trough.

Tom joined Janet, and Fleet greeted him with an extra eager yammer.

"'Tis as far as he can get." Tom patted the shaggy coat with its thin patches that revealed the skin. "Come winter, I'll have to put him down."

"Tom!"

"What's up?"

Janet was looking at him in white-faced disbelief. "You don't really mean it?"

"Aye, o'course."

For Janet, the splendour had suddenly drained out of the morning. What Tom had said was nearly incredible. How could anybody with half a heart talk like that about a grand old dog that had finished its working life?

She was staring at Tom, her lips moving, but making no sound. Then she found words at last.

"I can't believe you mean it—I can't. There's nothing wrong with him. He isn't ill. He—" Her voice trembled, and she had to steady it. "He's simply reached the stage when he deserves rest and comfort for the remainder of his days."

Tom said: "Nay, you don't understand. Fleet's a dog for work. Now he can't, it frets him. I'd best put him down."

Her throat went taut. It was as if Tom had suddenly become somebody different, a stranger with no more sentiment than the granite boulders around them.

"Listen," she said. "It may be the habit up here, but it's horrible. You might as well say that when old people are unable to work, they should be put to sleep."

"That's different."

"Why is it different?"

"Old folks aren't sheepdogs. I'm gey fond o' Fleet. I don't care to lose him. But winter'll be a misery to him. An' whenever he's left, an' knows t'other dogs are on the job an' he can't be, he fairly grieves. Eh, o' chap?" Tom patted the grey muzzle. "Likely I'll give him a bone one day, an' come up behind with a gun."

Janet drew in a shrill breath. "You mean to tell me you'd kill him yourself?"

"I'd nay let anybody else do it."

"And you pretend to be fond of him!"

"That's why I'd do it meself."

There was a dragging silence between them. Because his point of view lay too deep for expression, Tom could only stand there dumbly, trying to coax her with his smile. And because she was as yet only on the outer fringes of this mode of life, Janet could read nothing but the heartlessness in his decision.

She said chokily: "I can't make you out. I thought you were kind and considerate. I'm still trying to think it, and yet. . . ."

They walked down the intake in another silence, Fleet labouring after them, alert at the

sounds of blaring sheep and yapping dogs, stirred by the old, familiar routine preparatory to dipping. . . .

That evening, sickened by the unquiet nagging of her thoughts, Janet told her father. Her slim face pale, her grey eyes wide with protest, she said: "I never dreamed Tom was like that. I don't believe he can have any imagination. Why, Fleet's almost human. Fancy talking about killing him in that ghastly, casual fashion."

Her father, who had been born in the dale, said: "I'm sure he wasn't casual. And I wouldn't mind betting it'll hurt him like sin when he has to get rid of the dog. What you've got to remember is, this isn't London. Dales folk are different, my dear—that's all."

"I know. But Fleet isn't in any pain. He enjoys himself in his own sort of sprawling-about fashion."

Her father sighed. "Perhaps. A pet town dog would be kept alive to the last. A sheep-dog's another story. Tom's a decent sort. Don't let this upset you."

"How can I help it?" Jane protested. "In any case, for my sake he ought to—"

"Be kind to be cruel? It might be that. You sleep on it, Janet. It may seem less miserable in the morning."

HE was wrong, though she did her honest utmost to have an open mind. In the days that followed, every sight of Fleet gave her a compassionate stab. She found herself making an even greater fuss of him. When he lolled in the stackyard on a warm day she would sit on the ancient mounting-block and talk to him. Now and again, rather stiffly, he would roll on his back and dab his paws in the air, gratitude in his filmy eyes. But if Gyp and Spy streaked off to round up the cows or on any other lawful occasion, he lay with his muzzle to the ground and whined mournfully.

One day, helping Tom stook a small field of barley, Janet said: "I've been honestly trying to see your point of view about Fleet. It's true he grieves. But if he had somebody with him all the while—"

"It couldn't be done, lass."

"Not for a month or two. But once we're married I shall be in the house most of the time, and he could stay in the kitchen. He's used to me."

His forehead wrinkled thoughtfully. They were to be married in the new year.

"'Twill be nearly four months."

"What of it? Surely he isn't such a trouble that. . . .?"

He looked at her squarely. "You're meaning?"

"That I'm unhappy. Don't let me believe you've got a heartless streak." She laid a hand on his arm. "I'm sorry, Tom. I didn't mean that. Only, when I think of the way kindly people provide homes for old horses. . . ."

He dumped two more sheaves, straightened

himself. "Janet, we'd better get this straight. Fleet was never cut out for idleness. He hates it. Aye, he does. He's been the grandest sheep-dog I'll ever meet. Now he knows he's useless, that he can't do any more for me, it's fairly breaking his heart. When time comes, I'll have to put him down for his sake, not mine." He said it bleakly, but she caught a glimpse of what lay beneath, and it moved her to sudden realization.

His voice changed to a gentleness. "He'd have been better to have died in harness. An' now let's talk o' sommat else. You'll be coming to dale show next Friday?"

"'Course I will. I'm looking forward to it. It'll be the first I've seen."

"There's plenty doin'—hound-trails, fell races, wrestlin' and so on. And they're having some sheepdog trials. I've entered Gyp and Spy for them."

"Oh, I do hope you win."

He smiled. "I've agreed to Jim Martin running 'em both. Fact is, I'm not that keen on trials. I reckon a dog's often cleverer at work on his own fell than performing them circus tricks. Be all right if I fetch you at a quarter to two?"

She nodded, and he said: "Most o' the things worth watching are in the afternoon."

In the lull as he finished speaking there came to them distant moanings and whimperings. Fleet was struggling to slither his old body through the five-barred gate and get to them. Tom went across and freed him. He hobbled among the stubble and squatted at Janet's heels.

She burst out: "It's vile how everybody and everything has to grow old. . . ."

THE day of the show began with a blue sky and exceptional stillness. The fells seemed strangely near and their outlines looked as though they had been cut with a giant razor.

During the morning the narrow road had quite a brisk traffic for once, with three-tiered lorries of sheep rumbling past, men clattering along in their upturned shepherds' boots, dogs to heel and giving an occasional yelp at the sight of others.

Janet had an early lunch with her father. By now a faint and uniform smeariness had covered the bowl of the sky. The pyramid of Mart Fell looked dark and hostile, though no cloud drifted about the fretted summit.

At a quarter to two she was waiting at the gate. The minutes ticked on, and there was no sign of Tom.

By two o'clock she was impatient. By ten past the impatience was tinged with uneasiness.

At quarter past, driven by a sense of anxiety, she began to walk up the road towards his farm. Gusts of wind were moaning now across the breast of Mart.

She had a mile to go. Before she had reached the farm there were splatterings of rain lasting a few seconds; big, cold drops that hit with surprising force.

She put on her mac and hurried through the stackyard by the side gate. The valley between her and Mart Fell turned to a quivering aluminium curtain. The next moment the skies above her were pelting, the rain driving sideways.

The door of the barn was open. Inside stood Tom's old car. More puzzled than ever, and a little scared now, Janet hurried over to the house and pushed open the kitchen door.

"Tom! Tom! Are you about?"

There was no answer. The rain lashing the windows set up a hollow drumming. Beneath the noise of it she could detect the whimpering of old Fleet, left alone in an outhouse.

Almost opposite, perched on a bank, was a small farm called Throstle Hill. George Todd and his wife would be at the show, but his mother, nearly eighty, might be at home. Janet rushed across the road through the hissing rain, and rapped at the door. The old woman opened it.

Janet said: "I can't understand it. Tom was



When I Was A Boy

When I was a boy, as my son well knows,
I wasn't so wasteful, so hard on my clothes.
When I was a boy, as I frequently say,
I helped with the chores and received no pay.
I always said "Thank you," I always said "Please,"
I learned that it did me no good to tease.
When I was a boy, I say time and again,
In the manner of fathers, nostalgic men,
I paid to my elders their homage due,
Was kind to my sister, and generous, too . . .
And the boy that I was, to my small son's ear,
Grows ever more perfect, each passing year.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Just Published

. . . once David had departed Montgomery became less restrained. He referred to David as "the boy Stirling." "The boy Stirling," he informed the officers gathered round his dinner table, "is mad. Quite, quite mad. However, in war there is often a place for mad people. Now take this scheme of his. Penetrating miles behind the enemy lines. Attacking the coastal road on a four hundred-mile front. Who but the boy Stirling could think up such a plan? Yet if it comes off I don't mind saying it could have a decisive effect, yes, a really decisive effect on my forthcoming offensive."

Colonel Hackett was present at this dinner, and was so pleased at praise from Montgomery's lips that he signalled David: "Army Commander feels your activities could have decisive effect on course of battle."

David sent back the following reply: "Congratulate Army Commander on perspicacity. . . ."

From *The Phantom Major*, the story of David Stirling and the Special Air Service by Virginia Cowles. Published last week by Collins.

The Cost Of Living

The cost of living tends to rise
So fast it isn't funny;
And as it flies, the poet cries
Sic transit glorious money!

BILL TURNER

to call for me to go to the show. He didn't turn up. I can't find him anywhere."

"That's bad. Here, come inside." The old woman drew her under cover. "He must be on the fell yet."

"On the fell? But—"

"Aye, and I don't like things. 'Tis this way. My son was up-fell this morning, yonder." Mrs. Todd pointed through the window at the trod rising beyond Tom's farm. "He found a tup o' Tom's that 'ud strayed and slipped into a marshy spot. He pulled it out, but 'twas poorly. When he got down, he told Tom, and reckoned it could do wi' one of them calcium injections. So Tom set off. That 'ud be just after twelve."

Janet said quickly: "How far did he have to go?"

"About forty minutes' walk. Know that beck below Black Apron, where there's a few boulders jammed together to form a bridge?"

"Yes."

"Tup was nearby there. Tom should have been back before half past one."

"You think he's had an accident?" Janet's voice was jerky.

"'Tis likely, tho' there's nobody more sure-footed on fells than Tom Watson. But if he's not come to grief, why's he not back? And in this weather. . . ."

Janet caught old Mrs. Todd's arm. "I'm going up there, now. Yes, I am. I'm positive something's happened."

"If he's hurt, an' needs carrying," said the old woman, "there's nobody at this end o' dale."

"The nearest phone—"

"Nay, what good 'ud that be? They're all on

show ground." She glanced at the flying tapestries of rain. "I'll go down to show an' fetch help. I'm slow, but I'll get there. You'd best wait for 'em, lass. 'Tis no place to be walkin' alone in this storm."

Janet said: "I'm going now. Every minute might be vital."

Her impulse was to start immediately up the trod at top speed. Common sense checked her. To anybody lying injured and numbed with cold, hot, sweet tea would be a godsend. She ran back across the road to the kitchen.

There was a filled kettle on the stove. While it was boiling on the hot-plate, she searched the shelves and found a vacuum flask. An oilskin hung from the hook on the kitchen door. She took it down and tied the sleeves round her waist.

The day had gone much darker. As she stepped out into the stackyard she realized the truth. A few hundred feet above her there was nothing to be seen but racing murk, a vicious maelstrom of cloud. It would be all too easy to stray from the track. If that happened. . . .

Between the noises of the rainstorm there reached her the whimperings of Fleet. It came to her that here was a sure guide, if only he could drive his old flesh so far. She lifted the sneck of the outhouse door.

"Fleet! Fleet! Come on—find him!"

Fleet wriggled forward, tail erect. His muzzle was up, and there seemed to be a light in his filmy eyes. Janet patted his head and he gave a low, pleased yelp, and padded with her up the slope at the back.

Then the swirl closed about them. The ground around her shrank to a few feet of glistening

IN SHORT

Educational Tour

Now, girls, this is our third day in Paris and already some of us are beginning to forget the rules.

Oh, Miss Parker, do we *have* to wear hats? Everybody laughs at them.

Yes, indeed we do. And I want to remind you what it said in the instructions—"no fraternizing with the dining-hall staff." That includes winking, Daphne.

But we can't learn French if we don't speak to French people.

At least you can listen to them. Some of you weren't paying much attention to the guide yesterday. We must all try to *look* interested.

Oh, Miss Parker, do we have to go and see *Le Misanthrope*? It's so dull. Can't we see the Folies Bergère?

We're not studying the Folies Bergère at school, are we?

No, Miss Parker.

And another thing I must repeat. None of you must go anywhere alone, not even shopping. Remember, there are all these Algerians about, throwing bombs.

Oh, Miss Parker, will you come with me to buy a bottle of brandy?

Brandy, Rachel?

My dad wants a bottle. So does Mabel's dad. And Alice's.

Oh, these fathers! You'll probably have to pay duty on brandy.

Not if we drink a little bit out of the top.

That's one thing you're *not* going to do. Some of you had quite enough wine yesterday, as it was. You'll have to drink coffee even if it is more expensive.

Are we going to see any existentialists?

I think that was one yesterday—the young man in dark glasses who was shouting at himself. Where's Doris?

Here, Miss Parker.

Have you telephoned your pen friend yet?

Yes, but she just jabbered away and said "Zut!" and then hung up.

I think you must have got the wrong number. You must try again. Where's your rosette?

One of those English high-school boys snatched it yesterday in the Louvre.

Well, I expect you must have led him on. It just shows you can't be too careful when you're abroad.

E. S. TURNER

Other People's Letters

My dear Husband,—It is some time since I have written to you. The silence you have imposed is more than my affection will allow me and in this instance I hope you will forgive me in not obeying you. One thing I omitted in my letter of July which I now have to offer for your accommodation—a comfortable, warm house. So, my dear husband, let us live together. I can never be happy until such an event takes place. I assure you again I have but one wish in the world, to please you. Let everything be buried in oblivion. It will pass away like a dream. I can now only entreat you to believe I am, most sincerely and affectionately,

Your wife.

Who wrote this letter? See foot of next column.

Foreign Affairs

At the insistent request of a bidder who wanted to inspect the inside of a piano before bidding above £25, a Wellington, New Zealand, auctioneer removed the bottom of the fifty-year-old instrument. Out fell two gold watches and golden sovereigns worth £200.

Fireman Wilhelm Krell, of Zweibrücken, West Germany, was told to slim or lose his job. In fourteen days he came down to sixteen stone. The ultimatum was withdrawn when he showed he could slide down the greasy pole again.

Two Cleveland, Ohio, window cleaners have lost faith in modern electronics. Working outside the twelfth floor of a new office building they were marooned by a short circuit on their electronically operated platform. An eighty-five foot steel scaffolding had to be erected before they came down to earth again—seven hours later.

The letter was written by Lady Nelson in 1801 to persuade her husband to give up Lady Hamilton.

Starke's Guide To Gardening



"The height of your hedges should fit in with the general surroundings. Make sure that they get regular attention"

rocks and whistling, bending brackens. The rain was stinging her eyes so that she had to keep her head averted. Without Fleet she would have been lost in minutes.

For a little while he actually struggled in front of her. They crossed a tiny, frothing beck, and next she recognized a bouldery stretch floored by smaller stones and water and seeping moss. Beyond this, she knew, they should be rounding the shoulder of a spur and meeting the full force of the gale.

A roaring gust stopped her in her tracks. She turned sideways, her legs braced, waiting for the lull.

"Come on, Fleet!"

Fleet was sprawled out, panting. He moaned, jerked his back, gave another jerk. But the effort failed.

"Fleet! Fleet, old boy! Find him!"

Out of her voice he must have gained a briefness of new strength. He swayed himself clear of the ground and managed to flag his dripping tail.

For a space the track kept fairly level, before the knobbly rise in the direction of Black Apron. Now the wind and rain were partly behind them, and the dank, howling wraiths rushing past were forcing them on. Rocks loomed up without warning, ebony shapes sheeted with water, and vanished as swiftly. Fleet kept to a slow and steady padding. His muzzle pointed straight ahead. He was talking in his throat. Janet strained her eyes for the sight of a solitary rowan that should be the next landmark.

She heard it first, making a kind of scraping chirrup. It was bent nearly double, every slim twig dancing crazily. From here the track

twined faintly through a clutter of stone and hummocks, climbing awkwardly up the breast of the main slope.

It was a way hard to follow in bright sunshine and in this cauldron of murk she would have gone hopelessly astray without Fleet.

She heard his gulping moan. He had stopped, slumped in a huddle. His forepaws scrabbled. He edged on a few inches, belly to ground. His head was lifted, his eyes trying to tell her he had done his best.

She went down on her knees beside him and stroked his neck. "Only a little bit farther. Have a rest. You'll do it, Fleet. You'll do it." Her voice held an agony of pleading. "Find him, old boy."

His flanks were heaving. Jaws wide, he panted painfully. The forepaws scrabbled yet again, half-raising his chest from the ground. Her hands curved round his hindquarters, lifted. He was standing, staggering forward.

SHE began to talk to him, scarcely aware of what she was saying, odd scatterings of words of praise and encouragement. The wind snatched them from her lips. Fleet lurched on into the teeming gloom.

A hollow gurgling announced the beck. The crossing was dead in front of them. The boulders that had formed the narrow bridge had collapsed into the bed. The rising water was slapping at them, leaping over in creamy foam. She stooped, took Fleet in her arms. Both feet poised on a ledge of the bank, she jumped the narrow gap, and put Fleet down.

In that instant the old dog was almost young

again. His jaws opened on a yelp of frenzied delight and he broke into a stumbling run.

In the lee of a great boulder lay his master.

Fleet was pawing him, licking his face. Tom stirred and curved a caressing arm about him.

"Tom!" Janet crouched by his side, opened the flask and tilted the hot tea between his lips.

He sighed. "Ah, that's grand."

She saw the awkward angle of his right foot and the red stain round his left ankle. He swallowed more tea and told his story. The bridge of boulders had dropped in as he was crossing. That weight of stone had snapped his right leg and the left was torn and bruised. He had dragged himself clear. It was all he could do.

While he was telling her these things, Fleet lay with his head on his master's chest, tail triumphant in a contented flagging, a soft, brilliant sheen in the failing eyes.

Janet had spread the oilskin over the two of them. She said: "A rescue party will be on its way by now. They'll have to carry Fleet down as well as you, my dear."

"Aye, they will. The old chap's fairly worn out." He tickled the wet ears and smiled. "Fallen asleep, he has. No wonder."

"But for Fleet—"

"And you, lass. Bless the pair o' you."

They huddled closer together, waiting. The search party found them at four o'clock, and Tom and Janet shouted relieved greetings. Fleet never stirred. There seemed to be a quiet pride about the look of his still head, as if he knew he had ended his days in proud harness. THE END

© Dudley Hoys, 1958

MADE FOR MAN

by A. P. HERBERT

FOR the Archbishop of Canterbury it was all most distressing. Dame Marion Marne, the gracious stage star with whom he was taking tea, was on her feet, and spitting fire. "I shall throw myself under a bus," she was saying, "put my head in an oven, jump over a cliff. Then your precious Church will be satisfied."

Marion's former husband, Lieutenant-Commander Daniel Drew, R.N., wanted to marry Diana, the lovely young Duchess of Clowes. But the Church said no—that was the cause of the dame's outburst.

To help the young couple, she had invited His Grace of Canterbury to tea, and explained that Dan was truly the innocent party in their divorce. But Dr. Brayne was inflexible. The Church, he said, could not permit the remarriage in church of divorced people—however honourable—during the life of their true spouse.

While she lived, Dan and Di could not marry in church! And that afternoon Marion had heard of a similar mix-up. That doughty sailor, Admiral of the Fleet Caraway, had called to console her about the disastrous first night of her new show. He had told her that Primrose, his pious daughter, wanted to marry a man who had been granted a divorce. But their rector had refused duty.

Angry and rebellious, the dame made her terrible threat. "Dear lady," said Dr. Brayne. "You will not expect me to take you seriously." It was her duty, he explained, to continue her fine work on the stage.

Marion shook her head slowly. "You're wrong again, you see," she said. "You saw what the papers said about my performance. I'm finished. I've nothing left. . . ."

PART TWO

The Duchess Goes To Lambeth Palace

AT that important moment there was the sound of a breaking glass in the den: the door opened, and there, with a genial grin above the pointed beard, stood Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Caraway and Stoke. The archbishop might not have sworn to it in a court of law, but it seemed to him that the admiral was swaying.

"Admiral!" cried the dame, in genuine dismay. "But I thought you'd gone—long ago."

"That was the plan, dear child. But I helped myself to refreshment, as you said, I picked up a magazine, and I drifted into a swoon." The admiral seemed for the first time to notice the archbishop. "Bless me! Canterbury!"

"Good afternoon, Caraway."

These two, in the House of Lords, were often, as the admiral had said, "in action." For all this, in the high tradition of British public men, they always met as courteously as cats and dogs who have to live in the same house. Indeed, there was some private admiration between them.

"What are you doing aboard this packet?" said the admiral in warm but—could it be?—tipsy tones.

"Dame Marion has honoured me by inviting my advice."

"Couldn't be better, child, couldn't be better. Good old Canterbury knows everything—and more."

Marion broke in: "And it's all a secret. So you're not to say a word."

"Aye, aye, ma'am," replied the old admiral, nodding

meekly. "Aye, aye, sir. All hatches closed." Now he certainly swayed.

"Well, Dame Marion," said the archbishop vaguely, and took her hand.

She pressed it warmly. "Thank you a thousand times—and forgive me."

"Be of good heart, dear lady," he said. "There is nothing to forgive." He wished that she would go with him into the hall, where he could have said more, for he was concerned about her state of mind. But she rang the bell, and Florrie, her maid, did the rest.

"Goodbye, Caraway."

"Good hunting, Canterbury—Hey, Canterbury!"

The archbishop stopped and stiffened at the door. He was not deaf and this was no way to address him.

"Why don't you scull over to Hambone on Saturday? It's not too far from your flagship. I'm always asking you—you never come. Marion's coming—ain't she?" The dame nodded eagerly—this was a fine idea.

"May I consult my appointments?"

"Do what you like, my boy. Just make a signal if you can."

The archbishop departed. *My boy*, indeed!

Marion heard the outer door close. Then she turned to Admiral Caraway. "You wicked man!" she said. "You had more than one gin."

"No, my dear. Only the one. Cross my heart. All that was camouflage and low planning."

"Whatever for?"

"One, so he'd go away, and two, so's he wouldn't think I'd heard a thing. I did, you know. Marion, you were wonderful. You called his bluff, you trumped his ace, you hit him in the steering-gear, he's steaming in circles."

"But look here, my dear, we must proceed in convoy. He'll report on Saturday, I'll lay. You give him another broadside, and I'll tackle him about poor Primrose. Between us we'll blow him out of the water. You've got him where you want him. 'It's Dan or death,' you said. By gad, I wish I could have seen his face!"

"I meant it, Admiral, you know."

"Don't be silly, child. I say, can I have another tot? They keep me short at home."

"Help yourself, darling. But I must fly. We've got a call for cuts."

Marion slipped away to her room. She was still changing when Florrie knocked on her door.

"Telegram," said Florrie. "No, cablegram."

The cablegram was from America. "DEEPLY REGRET YOUR SISTER MARGARET PASSED PEACEFULLY AWAY TODAY AFTER LONG ILLNESS STOP LETTER FOLLOWS ALDRIDGE NEW YORK 14."

Poor Margaret! Her twin sister in America. It was no surprise. She had been ill for months. But what a coincidence. . . .

On Friday morning the Duchess of Clowes visited Lambeth Palace. Everybody said: "No comment." That evening she drove into Sussex to Greenhaven, the home of her old friends, Colonel and Mrs. "Sukey" Grain. A herd, skirmish, or flash of photographers took interesting pictures of the closed car with its drawn blinds.

Half an hour later Daniel Drew drove out of London on to Watling Street. His black sports car had been painted grey. At St. Albans he drove into a garage

At lunchtime the dame and dame seemed him some w



"This is friends," wrote. life . . .



the archbishop sat between
Primrose, a quiet girl. The
erene and cheerful, and told
derful tales about the stage

STRATED BY FANCETT

to say farewell, my
Dame Marion
I am leaving this
because I am in the way"



A House can dream too!

Imagine me, a fashionable house in
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floating out across a bay, and, inside,
the murmur of happy voices, a piano
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Even a house can dream!
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to use the new Valspar Lustre Finish.
Just wait till they see its beautiful pearl-
like glow! I shall be happy to live with,
I shall be lovely to look at,

I shall luxuriate!

Indeed, I shall be a dream of a house!

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and fitted false number plates to the car. Then he steered south-west, avoiding main roads, to the house of a friend in Buckinghamshire. Four cars and a motor-bicycle followed him.

His old shipmate, Commander Garden, greeted him noisily at the door.

"Good show, old boy. How long can you stay?"

"Monday, if I may," called Daniel Drew.

The car was taken to the garage: the door closed. "Gone to ground," said the newspapermen, and the four cars drove back to London. The motor-bicyclist remained on guard, and was rewarded. An hour later Daniel Drew, in a different hat, drove away in his host's car.

He made for Winchester, where he had a hasty snack at the God-Be-Got Hotel. He then drove east, and at about nine thirty arrived at Greenhaven. Now he had C.D. plates on the car and wore a beard. Six cars were parked in the dark country road, but the sailor's cunning had been successful, and he passed in unsuspected.

The motor-bicyclist knew better and made for Little Ease, the nearest village. *The Dawn* had a scoop.

Greenhaven was surrounded by a high wall with bottle-glass on the top, and iron gates, padlocked. The barking of a savage hound could be heard. The newspapermen were uncertain how they were to discharge their duty to the public. A man from the *Glass* climbed a tall old tree by the wall, but a branch broke, and he cracked two ribs. There was talk of tunnelling, but it came to nothing.

Baffled, the pack drew off.

But *The Dawn* man, who had a camera on his pillion, was made of sterner stuff. He rang the fire station and reported a fire at Greenhaven. By the time the fire-engines arrived he was in the shadows by the gate with his camera; and he followed them in.

When they departed, he was in a strong position in the rhododendrons opposite the front door. Cold and stiff, he got a hazy but dramatic picture of the duchess and the lieutenant-commander eating apples before breakfast. So, after all, the world knew that Dan and Di were together for the weekend. . . .

THE house party at Hambone was under way. Caraway's plan was working and Sir Ewan Harker—the veteran divorce campaigner—had arrived for consultations.

The admiral and Sir Ewan got along very well. Sir Ewan, like the dame, had a respect almost amounting to reverence for the Royal Navy. He had himself in both wars technically "joined the navy." But he had spent the first, through no fault of his own, as an infantryman in the Royal Naval Division, and the second as a petty officer in command of a tiny patrol vessel on the Thames.

Sir Ewan, too, had served for fifteen years as an Independent member in the House of Commons, and here was another link. He had presented and, to his own and other men's astonishment, successfully piloted through the Commons, the Bill which became the Matrimonial Causes Act, 1937.

Soon after dinner, when the young people had settled down to Whistle and Stop, Sir Ewan was smuggled away to the admiral's private lair.

"Well, Sir Ewan," the admiral began, "it's my daughter Primrose. You saw her tonight. Or perhaps you didn't. She's hardly visible, poor girl—well, not in that crowd."

"She seemed very quiet," said Sir Ewan. Lady Primrose had said: "How d'you do?" and nothing more.

"Well, she's engaged to one of my daughter-in-law, Peach's, crew—the one in the flannel shirt."

"Cyril Sale?"

"Correct. He's written a book."

"*God Made Nettles*. A remarkable book, sir."

Fantom, the butler, came in with a tawny decanter and capacious glasses.

"Well, there it is," the admiral resumed. "There's no doubt that she's head over heels in love with this bloke. And he's properly doughy-nosed about Primrose."

"The only trouble is, this lower-deck



Those mousetrap
days are over . . . on
every fashionable
menu it's taking
the biscuit

by KEITH ELLIS

pencil-pusher—oh, beg your pardon, Sir Ewan—has been married before, and his wife ran away to America. She married an airman and lives in Minnesota.

"Well, he divorced her—only thing he could do. And now Richards, the parson here, says he won't marry them—can't, rather, because I'm sure he'd like to. Known Primrose all her life—damme, I believe he christened her. But it's the bishop, he says. He daren't marry them."

"Well, I know what you'll say, Sir Ewan—what about the registrar? But we don't strike soundings there, neither, because poor little Prim is one of God's good girls—always was, bless her."

"She's devout, she never misses a service, she prays all the time like a sailor in a storm. Nobody, she says, not even Cyril, is going to get her aboard the registrar. She wouldn't be properly spliced. It's the Church or nothing."

Sir Ewan made an understanding nod, and the admiral paused for refreshment.

"I'm on her side, I must say," he went on. "She wants a proper wedding in her own parish church, with flowers and bridesmaids and everybody in the rig of the day. Why shouldn't she? She's a good girl. She's religious."

"The boy's got nothing against him, neither, and falls in with the C. of E. party, though I don't say he'll ever be an archdeacon. Why should they have to go to some damned office and be registered, like a dog-licence? It seems

Now it's a cheese craze



demonstrations in electricity and gas showrooms.

To some extent, they have succeeded in making cheese a new food fashion. Some people are holding combined cheese and wine tastings instead of cocktail parties. In some parts of the country, people have started to take cheese and biscuits with their morning coffee.

Around half a dozen London restaurants now have the word "cheese" in their titles. One West End restaurant has a cheese bar and so has the refreshment room at Waterloo Station. Last Christmas, one firm sent fifty Stiltons to business contacts in Scandinavia as typically English presents.

One reason for the new popularity of cheese is its cheapness. Prices are sometimes lower now than before the war. In November, 1957, Cheddar was selling at 1s. 4d. a pound; in 1920 the Food Controller fixed the price at 2s.

The reason is bounding milk surpluses. In the single month of September, 1957, they amounted to 42,000,000 gallons. They can be bought by cheesemakers at discounts which often reach 2s. 6d. a gallon.

That is why the housewife pays less than 2s. for a pound of cheese which needed at least eight pints of milk in the making.

Connoisseurs agree that British cheeses are among the best in the world. There are fifteen: Caerphilly, Cheddar, red, white and blue Cheshire, Derby, Double Gloucester, Dunlop, Lancashire, Leicester, white and blue Stilton, Blue Vinny from Dorset, and white and blue Wensleydale.

Of the 95,000 tons of cheese made in this country last year, 42,000 tons were Cheddar and 40,000 tons white and red Cheshire. The rarest British cheeses are blue Cheshire, which goes blue by accident, blue Wensleydale, which has never regained its prewar popularity, and Dorset Blue Vinny, which some gourmets rave over but whose taste one expert recently described as "like a mouthful of dry earth."

Another rarity, sage Derby, contains

chopped sage which shows in broad green bands.

Although many cheeses are made and sold mainly in the area which gives them their name, others have lost all connection with it. Most Caerphilly is made in Somerset. Cheshire comes from many counties and some of the best blue Wensleydale comes from Cheshire. Cheddar is made all over Britain—and in Australia, New Zealand, the U.S.A., Canada and Holland.

But the strangest case is Stilton. It was never made in the Huntingdonshire village of that name, but was merely sold there at the Bell Inn. The landlord bought his supplies from his sister-in-law, daughter of the housekeeper at Quenby Hall, Leicestershire. Nowadays it is made in Melton Mowbray, the Vale of Belvoir district of Leicestershire and in Dovedale, Derbyshire.

EVERY three months, the head of one Stilton factory picks out his best cheese and marks it for Sir Winston Churchill.

The coming of factories destroyed the regional basis of cheesemaking. Before the war, there were 1,500 farmhouse cheesemakers. Now there are 160. They made only 4,406 tons of cheese last year.

Connoisseurs say that a cheese is only "genuine" if it comes from the traditional area. They claim that they can tell from which herd grazing on which pasture a given cheese comes. Scientists say that provided the recipe is followed and provided the soil, grass and climate are right, a cheese can be made as well in one district as another. But they agree that cheeses made in different districts can never be entirely identical.

Cheeses vary in size from one-pound Caerphilly, Cheddar or Wensleydale "minors" to the half-ton Dunlops—a hard-pressed cheese from Ayrshire—recently made by the Scottish Milk Marketing Board.

The biggest Cheddar (11 cwt., 9 feet round, 20 inches deep) was made in 1840, as a wedding present for Queen Victoria. When she heard that local

farmers had put it on show, she refused to accept it. Cheddar is probably the oldest English cheese. In the parish records of Cheddar, Somersetshire, an entry dated 1170 shows that Henry II bought 80 cwt. for £11.

The recipe for Wensleydale, originally a sheep's milk cheese, was probably brought over by Cistercian monks at the time of the Norman Conquest. For centuries they made it at Jervaulx Abbey and after the Dissolution, farmers' wives continued to make it.

Basically, cheese is made by adding rennet to milk to form a junket. Cut into small pieces with multiple knives, the junket becomes curds and whey. After the whey has been drawn off, the curd is milled, salted and pressed. Red cheeses such as Double Gloucester, Leicester and red Cheshire are made so by the addition of a harmless vegetable dye called annatto to the original milk.

Only open-textured cheeses such as Stilton can be blued. A mould present in the factory storerooms enters the cheese through holes pierced in the rind and produces the characteristic marbling effect.

To mature, cheeses take anything from two weeks (Caerphilly) to six months (the blue cheeses). Though Cheddar is normally sold at two months, specialist dealers keep it for six months, which is the time needed to bring it to its prime.

At home, cheese is best kept in a polythene bag, greaseproof paper or a cloth wrung out in brine or vinegar.

Under certain conditions, it will last almost indefinitely. In 1910, Captain Robert Scott took tins of Cheshire and Stilton on his Antarctic expedition. Last year some of them were found and the cheese inside was still eatable.

Scott took cheese on his expedition because it is rich in calcium, phosphorus and vitamins A and D and weight for weight contains twice as much nutriment as beef. But most people eat cheese because they like it. In the words of Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, the French gastronomist: "A meal without cheese is like a pretty girl with one eye."

THE END

to me my daughter's got a right to be married in her own church where she's worn her knees to a fine point praying to God."

"Hear, hear!" murmured Sir Ewan.

"Now, I'm no sea-lawyer, Sir Ewan," said the admiral, "but what I wonder is, what are the rights of this? Has our old rector got a right to refuse?"

"Well, our 1937 Act said—I forget the exact words—that no clergyman should be bound to marry anybody whose marriage had been dissolved—innocent or guilty—while a former partner was still living. That brought in 'till death us do part,' you see. But it didn't say that they were *not* to."

"God bless me!" said the admiral, "I should think not."

"The whole idea was to give the individual clergyman complete freedom of conscience in every sort of case. And none of the bishops said plainly: 'We warn you, if you pass this clause as it stands, the bishops will take away the freedom you are giving them and forbid the clergy to marry anybody a second time while the former partner is alive.'"

"If anybody had said that, we could have got the clause amended. At least, we could have tried. But the archbishops were vague, and three of the bishops came out plainly for second marriages."

"Did they indeed?" said the admiral thoughtfully.

"Yes," said Sir Ewan. "No wonder

we weren't quite clear. Then you know what happened. Convocation directed the bishops, and the bishops directed the clergy. There's no legal force behind it. No clergyman can be unfrocked or suffer officially in any way if he disobeys. But there are many ways in which a bishop can make himself unpleasant to a mutineer. Some of the parsons talk about 'terrorizing.' Does your man want anything?"

"I believe he may. He's rheumatically and rather tired of tramping about the lower deck. I think he'd like a cathedral berth—canon or something. I know at one time he talked happily about the marriage. Then suddenly he shut up."

"There you are, sir. That's why your daughter cannot be married in her own church."

CARAWAY sipped his tot and reflected. Then he said: "Well, Sir Ewan, I'm very grateful to you for your very clear appreciation of the situation. What's the plan? Oh, I forgot to tell you, I've got the archbishop coming to lunch tomorrow. Tried to get him along today but he couldn't make it."

"Have you indeed? Then I'd better keep out of the way."

"Not on your life. You'll be needed on the bridge. We must be polite to the perisher, but what are we to say?"

"Well, sir," Sir Ewan said, "you can tell him that, to the best of your belief, your rector would like to marry your daughter, but he's been bullied

out of it by his bishop. You can ask him by what right the bishop is interfering with the rector's freedom of conscience; and you can ask the archbishop if he will tell the bishop to lay off. Mind you, sir, I don't think you'll get very far. He's as slippery as an eel and as tough as a lobster."

"I know. I've seen him send a sensible woman into hysterics. Very well, then. I'll engage the enemy. But you must stand by me, Sir Ewan—hull down, on the horizon."

"I will, sir."

"Good. Well, Sir Ewan, you feel this pretty bitterly, I gather. So do I."

"What's more, sir, I feel rather responsible. After all, I ran the 1937 Act. If they didn't deceive me, I deceived myself. So, for me, at least, it's not the end of the story."

"How's that?"

"I'm drafting a Bill myself to put the matter right."

"Would it let poor Primrose through?"

"Yes. And the duchess, too. And," said Sir Ewan, treading delicately, "why shouldn't somebody introduce it in the Lords? They might be afraid of it in the Commons—stirring up trouble, and so on. But if you got it past the bishops—and I think you'd have some of them with you—you'd be home."

The admiral stood up, excited.

"Sir Ewan, I'll do it. You've hit the magazine."

"That's wonderful, sir."

"I feel a new man," the admiral

boomed. "I feel forty. I've got a new command, with battle orders."

"Sir Ewan, I'm not what you might call devout, like little Primrose. Half the chatter in church I don't understand. I've never been shipmates with the Trinity, and I must say I mumble some of the Creed. But there's never been a sailor who didn't believe in God and pray to Him, now and then. And I believe in Christ, and the Christian drill, though I wouldn't make a bet about the Resurrection."

"After all, Sir Ewan, fifty years in the Service, thirty or forty in command, I suppose I've taken more church services than the archbishop himself."

"I enjoyed it, too. Church parade at sea—you can't beat it, Sir Ewan. All those good seamen lined up under the sky, with deep water behind them, all the blue collars and silks and tapes and shiny boots in order, the marine band and the good old hymns; some of the prayers too that seem to hit you in the midriff, with a big storm behind, perhaps, or a battle coming."

"That's God in action, Sir Ewan, that's the real thing. The men may grumble, but they feel it too."

"I feel the same sometimes in a country church, where the folk have to deal with that old fox, Nature, too. But it's never quite the same; the women are thinking about the joint, or fo'c'sle stuff about their neighbours."

"But I respect the Church of England, and I'd sign on again tomorrow. The only thing is, I don't respect the

bridge any more. There's no 'Come unto me' about them—it's all 'Keep out—you ain't qualified.'

"So I'll do anything you say, Sir Ewan. This marriage stuff is their tender spot. If we get them on to a new tack there, the whole ship may be sounder. Well, that's your signal, I take it—'Engage the enemy more closely' and my reply is 'Signal understood.' Down the hatch."

"Well done, sir." Sir Ewan chuckled. "What you said about the bridge reminded me of some verses I wrote once. I called them 'Epitaph—For An Archbishop.'

*"My predecessors, fighting sin,
Did what they could to bring men
in;
But I was better, not a doubt,
At keeping the unworthy out.
So when I perished, as you see,
The Church was One—and that
was me."*

At one o'clock they were still talking.

NEXT morning Dame Marion drove herself rather sadly down to Hambone Hall. The play was to be withdrawn in a week. To all this she was resigned: what depressed her a little was the beautiful day. The green fields and generous trees of England, the cattle in the pastures, the birds in the woods—it seemed a good world in which to be alive.

But in her bag there were three envelopes, each containing a typed copy of her "Farewell."

Dear Friends—and Others,

This is to say farewell. I am leaving this life because I am in the way. When I have gone, two good young people, one of them my former husband, will be able to marry, have children, and be happy.

I hope that by what I am doing I may atone for some of my weakness and wickedness, though, if any think better of me, it will be more than I deserve. I am content in the belief that at last I am doing good and shall have brought true happiness to two deserving people. I wish them well; and I thank the world which has been so kind.

Marion Marne.

One copy was addressed to poor Hugh, one to the admiral, and the third to the archbishop. When should she deliver them? Not today, perhaps. Nothing was settled, according to the papers. There was still some hope. There must be hope, on a morning like this. . . .

At Hambone, in the breakfast-room, Sir Ewan was staring distastefully at the pile of Sunday papers. He had his heaviest hangover for many years, and did not feel like pitting his wits against an archbishop.

"What's the news?" he said. "I'm not sure that I can read."

"You naughty man!" said Peach, the old admiral's daughter-in-law. "They're all about Dan and Di. Try a picture first. Here's a nice big one for you."

She passed him the *Trumpet*, with a spacious aerial photograph of Greenhaven.

"I can make out a house," Sir Ewan said. "But I see no human beings there at all."

"There aren't any," said Peach with a smile.

Both the *Trumpet* and the *Sunday Dawn* had articles about the career and character of Daniel Drew, with particulars of the ships and battles in which he had won his medals. The *Compass* gave some personal background. Daniel Drew smoked. He was fond of children, and swimming, and horses and adventure stories. The theatre was not included in his loves.

Leading articles and gossip columns were full of the happy couple, too. The popular papers demanded an "announcement."

"The nation is on tenterhooks. . . ."
"A much-loved lady looks for the happiness which is her due. . . ." "We have a right to know." One or two

A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER



Ronald Shiner has a view to hide

COMEDIAN Ronald Shiner has lived for eight years in a cottage in Highgate village, London. He grows polyanthus in window-boxes, and bulbs, wallflowers and shrubs near the garage wall. "Unhappily that is the extent of my garden. Can Percy Thrower advise me how to use a dismal concrete patch near the back door?"

Percy Thrower says:

Ring culture, originally devised for growing tomatoes, can be adapted for versatile use in most backyards. Spread a five-inch layer of ashes or gravel on the concrete, held in position by boards or planks. Buy some rings, which may be made of bituminized paper, metal or plastic, or make squares six to nine inches deep from boxwood and arrange them on the gravel. Fill them with John Innes potting compost (numbers two or three).

It is possible in these conditions to grow herbaceous plants, wall shrubs such as yellow winter-flowering jasmine, bush roses, geraniums, lobelia, salvias and other attractive bedding plants, which in the summer

will quickly overgrow and hide their rather ugly foundations. Recent experiments in the growing of border carnations and outdoor chrysanthemums by this method have been successful.

Two chrysanthemums I recommend are the Windsor hybrids and Otley Koreans. Camellias require a special mixture of three parts of soil and two of peat to one of sand, plus a handful of bone meal to each bucketful of mixture.

The secret of efficient backyard ring cultivation is to keep the ashes or gravel continually wet to encourage the roots of the plants to go down for moisture. Add liquid fertilizer to the compost each week as soon as the bedding plants and shrubs have established themselves.

papers, without the slightest evidence, attacked the unfortunate archbishop.

The two serious papers, the *Sunday Chimes* and the *Onlooker*, weightily deprecated all this clamour and prying.

Said the *Sunday Chimes*: "No announcement is likely to be made for the simple reason that no announcement is required. The young lady, no doubt, will make up her own mind about her future, as other lovers have done before her."

"If, as is probable, she obeys the laws of the Church, there will be occasion for neither regret nor censure. Attacks upon the archbishop are idle and unfair. . . ."

Said the *Onlooker*: "Even a public figure is entitled to a private life. The one feature of this affair which ought to be noted now and may be remembered in six months' time is the unworthy antics of some of our contemporaries."

But, undeterred, news editors, all that Sunday, were instructing their liveliest young men to be at the gates of Greenhaven at dawn on Monday. The *Glass*, ahead of everybody, had arranged the lease of a small fallow field across the road, and was building a tall tower of tubular steel. From this, it was hoped, a telescopic camera could be brought to bear on the front door and drive.

At last, Miles Warraby, the intrepid ace of tittle-tattle, climbed up a series of alarmingly perpendicular ladders to the top. So did an ace of "candid" photography, with his telescopic camera.

From there they could command, in theory, a view of the whole estate. In fact, unfortunately, there was a flourishing belt of trees. Through tiny holes and breaks in the foliage they could see a small corner of the drive, three upper windows, and the side of a structure which might, or might not, be the summer house, at the far edge of the shrubbery.

The best bet, they thought, was one of the upper windows, where, sooner or later, surely, Dan and Di would show

themselves, hotly entangled. They did not: the telescope was directed, in despair, to the summer house. Sure enough, it caught for a few seconds the head and shoulders of a young man and woman, back view.

A big picture, full of "light and shade," was secured for Monday morning. The "summer house" was, in fact, a potting shed, and the young couple were the second gardener taking one of the maids for a Sunday stroll. But who could tell?

LUNCH on the lawn at Hambone was a gay affair. The archbishop enjoyed the gracious setting, the chatter of youth, the excellent food and his favourite white wine. It was delightful to sit next to the dame, who seemed serene and cheerful, and told him captivating tales about the stage.

Nobody mentioned the Duchess of Clowes, and that tiresome fellow Sir Ewan Harker was at the other end of the table. On his left was Lady Primrose, a serious religious girl, who was engaged, he gathered, to the young man opposite, a writer.

At last footmen stepped out into the sun with coffee, with decanters, with cigars, and flaming lighters.

"Archbishop," said the admiral, "I wonder if you'd do me a favour and have coffee with me indoors."

The archbishop was very willing. Now, perhaps, he could deliver his lecture to the earl. But he must have a word with the dame.

"I shall see you later, I trust?" he asked her.

"Oh yes. I want to show you the Spanish garden."

"Stand fast everybody," said the admiral. "Fall out the archbishop, Sir Ewan, and me."

The invitation of the tiresome Sir Ewan to the breakfast-room annoyed the archbishop, and put him on his guard. He hoped that they were not going to attack him about the duchess. Sir Ewan, he considered, was worse than "tiresome," though that was all

that he ever said about him. The wrongheaded were usually ignorant as well, but Sir Ewan knew too much, and it made him a danger.

"Well," said the admiral, "now we're alone, I hope you'll forgive me if I talk a little shop. You've had some words with my daughter Primrose—"

"A fine personality, I thought," said the archbishop.

"And religious, too. You've seen her young man, Sale—nothing against him except he's wet. And you know Richards, our rector for twenty-five years or more. Good old soul, but he says he can't marry them. What I'm wondering, my dear Canterbury, is whether you can't do something about it."

"Oh dear, thought the archbishop, have I to go through all this again? Still, it was better than the Duchess of Clowes."

"What is the impediment?" he said. "Sale's wife went off with a Yank. They're married. He divorced her. She's alive. Seems she's got to be dead before they can marry."

"In church, yes," said the archbishop slowly. "Such is the Christian faith and the Church's rule. But there is still the civil marriage. After that the Church will extend its pastoral care and, in the end, where there is due repentance, admit them to Communion."

"Repentance?" the admiral cried. "What in the world has Primrose got to repent about? She's as good as you, Canterbury, and twice as Christian. Sale too. He's done nothing wrong. Besides, that cock won't fight, let me tell you. Primrose says if she can't be married in her own church, she won't be married at all. And Sir Ewan here says she has a legal right to be married in her parish church."

THE archbishop spoke sternly. "No doubt he also told you that, by the Act for which he was so much responsible, that right was wisely modified—indeed, in certain circumstances, was taken away?"

Now Sir Ewan moved into action. "I have told the admiral, your Grace," he said, "that we were deceived. If your predecessor had been really frank we should certainly have sat up and taken notice."

The archbishop said: "He told the Lords that both Convocations had decided that in order to maintain the principle of a life-long obligation which is clearly expressed in the marriage service, the Church should not allow the use of that service to anybody who has a partner still living. What more could he have said?"

Sir Ewan said: "It's very simple, your Grace. He could have said—indeed he should have said: 'So much for principle. But I wish to be perfectly plain about practice, for here, from the passing of this Bill, there will be something new. The clergy will be forbidden by their bishops to marry anybody, however "innocent," a second time where there is a former partner still living. This command will have no legal sanction, but we shall have ways and means of enforcing it among penurious clergymen.'

"If your great predecessor had said that, your Grace, or anything like it, we could have put down amendments for the committee stage which would have made it absolutely clear what the House of Commons intended. And I believe we would have prevailed."

"As it was, we thought the parsons were going to have the same freedom as the bishops. So they did, then. How dare you, then, pretend to the admiral that what you said today was the Church's first, last, and only word? The Church has changed its mind, and I believe it will change again. The thing's beginning. You've confessed your guilt already."

"My guilt?" said the archbishop.

"The Church's guilt. Yes, my Lord. You said that if these two get married by the registrar, the Church will extend its pastoral care. 'Pastoral care' indeed! What sort of pastoral care did you give young Sale when his wife ran away? Did you send anybody to bring her back? It's only now, when he wants to start again, that the Church pricks up its great long ears and begins to

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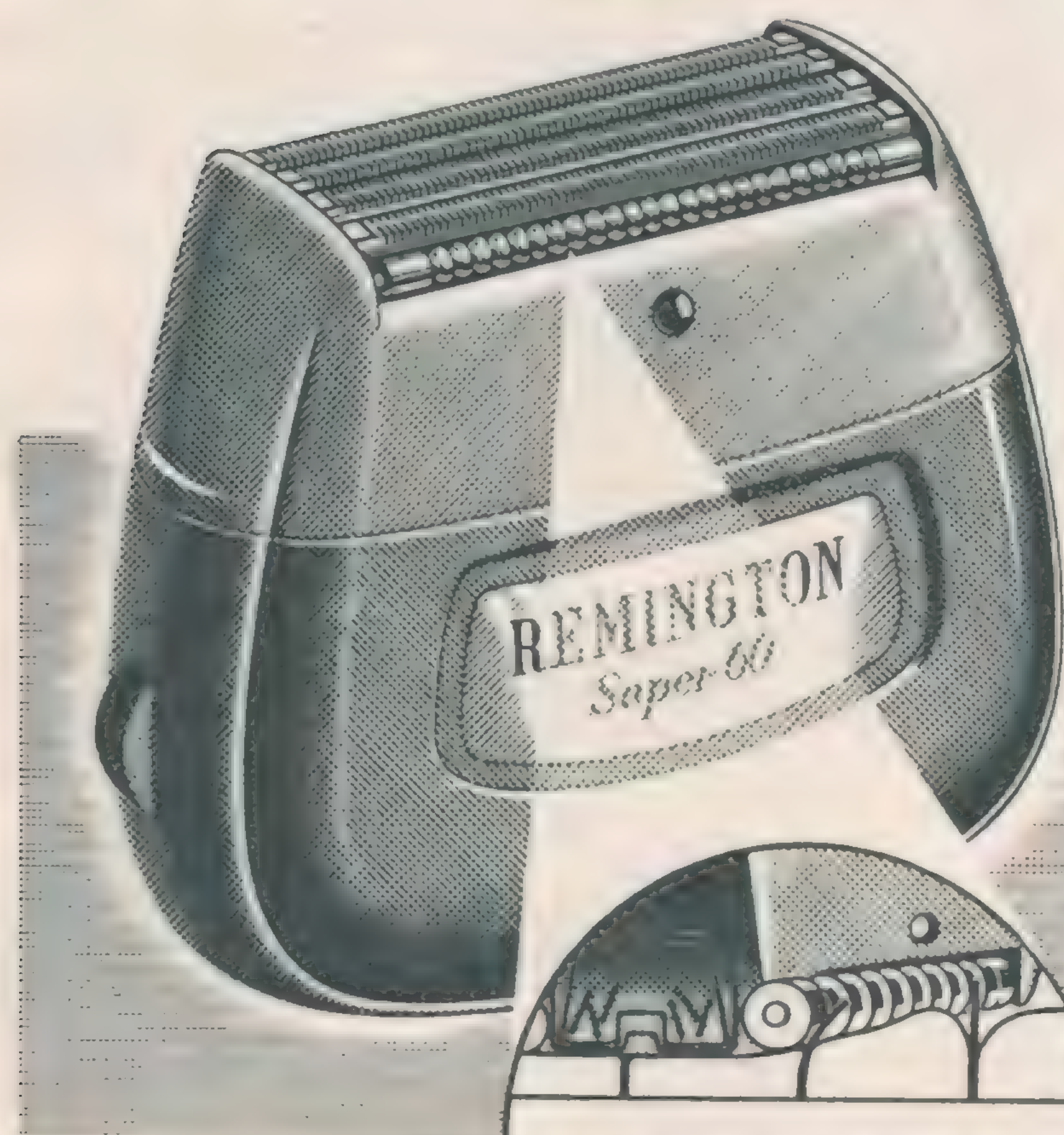


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interfere. And now, what do you do? Your 'pastoral care' means in the first place that the couple will be excluded from Communion—even here, in her own parish church—"

"In the eyes of the Church they are living in adultery," said the archbishop.

"Not in the eyes of the law," said Sir Ewan. "One of these days some bishop will be prosecuted—and I hope he goes to jail."

"Easy, Sir Ewan," said the admiral.

"Very well, they're living in adultery. But presently, at some hole-and-corner huddle in church, the parson is allowed to pray for them, subject to the bishop—no publicity, not more than four witnesses and so on. Later they are graciously admitted to Communion—these two adulterers. They weren't good enough for the

BED—I

Early to rise and early to bed makes a male healthy and wealthy and dead.

James Thurber

marriage service, which is not a sacrament, but they're good enough for Communion, which is."

"They have repented," said the archbishop.

"Nonsense, my Lord. If they'd repented, they'd separate. They don't. Why should they?"

"Would you be better pleased if we excluded them for the rest of their lives?" The archbishop's voice was poisonous too.

"Of course not. You've no right to exclude them at all. The point is that all this is a confession of guilt. You've done wrong and you know it. You've built a castle of humbug and lies. But take care, Archbishop! The admiral and I are going to pull it down."

The archbishop stood suddenly. "Sir Ewan," he said, "you go too far. I'm sorry, Admiral. I have to go."

The admiral escorted him out, and they went in search of the dame. Sir Ewan was left alone, trembling and breathless. He had behaved disgracefully, he knew, but he was content. The

accumulated anger of many years had been released at last.

On the way to the garden, Marion and the archbishop talked of general things, of the fine day, of the amazing admiral and his lovely home, of their common ignorance concerning the names of trees. Then Marion told him that her play was coming off.

"Dear lady," said the archbishop, "this is sad news indeed. I must see it next week."

"Dear gentleman," said the dame, "I hope you will."

"Dear gentleman." What a charming appellation! Do you know, I was never called that before."

"I have never called anybody that before," said Marion, and felt that she was blushing. The words had slipped out, naturally, without a thought. "And now, dear gentleman, have you anything to tell me?"

"You mean—about Daniel?"

"Yes," said Marion.

The archbishop breathed deeply through the nose, and out through the mouth, three times, a healthy habit in which he had great faith. He did it now, in his weariness, to gain a little time. He felt that he could not face another sharp argument so soon. Marion took it to mean that there was no decision yet.

"No, dear lady, no. I am sorry, but I can hold out no hope at all."

He expected yet one more torrent of words. None came. The dame opened her bag and handed him a letter. She watched him while he read it. Then: "If you say 'You don't mean it?'" she said, "I shall scream."

He did not. The written word had impressed him too.

"Dear lady," he whispered, "much loved lady, you wouldn't—you mustn't—you can't. I admire your motives deeply. You must have suffered much. In spirit you have atoned already. But suicide is a grievous sin."

"Is it worse than marrying a man who's been divorced?"

The archbishop nodded. "Much worse," he said. "It is a crime against God and man."

"Then you must prevent it."

"I am doing my best."

"I mean—you must marry Diana and Dan."

So that was it—a gentle ultimatum.

To be continued next week

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REG BUTLER

(the sculptor) answered these six questions on the HUMAN BODY. Pit your wits against him and try to beat his points score

(Answers on page 32)

Challenge the Famous

1 How many bones are there in the human body?

I should think between 180 and 190.

2 Which weighs the more, the male or female brain?

The male. I think it weighs about five ounces more than the female.

3 What causes your foot to "go to sleep"?

Pressure on nerves, which can cause loss of feeling.

4 About how many hairs are there on a normal human head?

I'm probably quite wrong, but I'd say between six and seven hundred.

5 Venus de Milo is considered a classic beauty. What are her measurements?

I should imagine they are about 34:22:36... anyway, I think they are in that proportion.

6 How many times do you breathe in a minute?

I think between eighteen and twenty.

What really goes on in Piccadilly Circus?

Continued from page 14

packed so tight you could have walked on their heads. I don't know where they came from." There is, in fact, no mystery. People are continually hurrying in and out of the Underground station. On occasions like this they continue to pour into the Circus as usual, but fail to pour out.

The popularity of Piccadilly Circus is to a great extent due to the Underground Railway. The Piccadilly and Bakerloo lines cross beneath the Circus and a station was first built on the intersection in 1906. This common exit serving so many suburban stations stimulated the development of the surrounding district as a centre for entertainment, so that the pressure of traffic made a new station necessary by the 1920s.

The new station, a tourist attraction in itself, took four years to excavate and build. It cost £500,000. One hundred and fifty men worked without disturbing traffic in the road above. They used 950 tons of steel girders, 3,600 tons of cement, 1,250,000 bricks. They took out 34,000 cubic feet of London clay; some of this they dumped in the sea by the Thames Estuary and the rest on building sites in London suburbs.

A twelve-foot pipe subway, 550 feet long, goes around the station, dipping and rising to by-pass other subterranean services. It carries water, hydraulic power and electric cables. The subway has a number of entrances through manholes in nearby streets and all work can be done on the services inside it without the need for tearing up the road. While subway and station were being built two civil engineers came up so covered in mud that they took a bath in the engineer's shed at the top of the shaft. Ever since they have boasted of being the only people who have appeared in the nude in Piccadilly Circus at five o'clock on a summer afternoon.

From a length of white-tiled tunnel converted into an office, Arthur Brown, stationmaster at Piccadilly Circus for eighteen years, controls a staff of ninety. The station, which has eleven escalators and nine entrances, handles 16,000 people an hour during the morning and evening peaks. Its name-boards call the station "Piccadilly" on the Bakerloo Line and "Piccadilly Circus" on the Piccadilly Line.

The station opens at 5 a.m. The first rush begins when office cleaners come in from their homes between 6 and 6.30. Other workers arrive in a steady stream between 7.30 and 9.45. There is a lull until 11 a.m., then the traffic builds up as office messengers, people keeping appointments and others arriving for lunch and shopping begin crowding the upward escalators. This traffic remains steady, gradually changing into a two-way movement until the homegoing peak, from 4.30 p.m. to 6.30.

"THEN there is a peak-within-the-peak between five forty p.m. and five fifty-five," Brown says. He claims that he can walk around the station without a watch and tell the time by looking at the passengers.

Travellers are surprisingly docile. Sometimes visitors from the provinces are left behind on a platform while their friends go on in a train. "Often they are elderly couples who have never been separated before in their lives," says Brown. "We phone along the line and soon get them together again."

There are nearly forty neon advertising signs on the walls overlooking the Circus, which Dickson, Moyse, managing director of Claude-General Neon Lights, Ltd., has described as "the most coveted advertising site in the British Empire."

Two firms, Schweppes and Bovril, have shared a sign there since 1909. The newest one, put up in September, 1956, covers nearly 300 square feet and has 9,000 feet of neon tubing. London Electricity Board had to build a new rising main to serve the sign. The sign uses about half the maximum capacity



of the main, which is capable of supplying all the current needed by a large factory. The structure holding another large sign for Coca-Cola, weighs ten tons. A somewhat smaller sign, advertising Australia, costs £20,000 a year for maintenance, rent and rates. The rateable value of one of the bigger signs is £11,500.

The advertising possibilities are not overlooked by firms lucky enough to have shops around the Circus. Boots, the chemists, have a branch there that is always open, night and day. Swan and Edgar, the clothing store, have display windows and an entrance down in the main concourse of the Underground station. The rateable value of the store is £43,330. The pavement outside Swan and Edgar's is the leading landmark in London for the meeting of friends and acquaintances.

Dunn's, the hatters, use their Piccadilly shop to push new and daring hat styles. William Lucas, the shop's manager, says: "Admittedly we put pillar box-red trilbies in the window to catch the eye, but people buy them. We have even sold red, green and yellow bowlers."

CHARLES FORTE, the restaurateur, has become known as "Mr. Piccadilly" through his acquisition of old-established restaurants around the Circus: the Criterion, the Monico and the Café Royal.

Street traders flourish in the Circus, when the L.C.C. will let them. Once nine flower girls sat with baskets of violets around the central island. Today they are all dead or retired and the authorities have foreclosed on their pitches. A man still sells flowers, as he has done for fifty years, on the pavement by Glasshouse Street. When interviewed recently he refused to divulge his name, said: "I'm old and I'm cold and I'm packing up," and began closing his display boxes.

Some fifteen men sell the London evening newspapers around the Circus. John O'Keefe, aged sixty-five, has done so for fifty years, and his forebears held the same pitch for the previous forty years. He also sells magazines, postcards and guide books. He, his two sons and a son-in-law get a living from the same pitch, on the corner of Glasshouse Street. O'Keefe's

son John saw a young woman last summer sit on the kerb, take off her shoes and stockings and walk diagonally across the Circus. A tramp comes around every day or so. "He carries a wine bottle on a string," says O'Keefe, jnr., "and he says to everyone: 'Is this your bottle?'"

Piccadilly Circus roughly divides the garish streets of theatres, cinemas, shops and night clubs to the north and east from the quieter streets of St. James's with their old-established clubs for gentlemen. Vivian de Gurr St. George, a man of sixty-eight with a cultured accent, cleans shoes from a stand on the corner nearest the clubman's district: "The dignified side, old chap," he says.

St. George has a collection of coins from all parts of the world. His acquaintances include bishops, M.P.s, ambassadors and noblemen. He disapproves of people who wear light tan shoes and he will readily, though politely, turn potential customers away if he has something more interesting to do, such as talk with his friends or give advice to bewildered out-of-town visitors. He says a shoeblack in the Circus could make £2 10s. a day, but his social interests cut down his take to an average of £1 a day.

On occasions that are likely to attract a crowd to the Circus, the L.C.C., at the request of Scotland Yard, puts a protective hoarding around the island on which the Eros statue stands.

The hoarding is more than it seems. Its boards are fourteen feet high. Revellers who try to climb it are surprised when their groping fingers are rapped by truncheons as they reach the top. Inside there is a platform on which constables stand unseen, watching the crowds. When trouble flares, a hidden door opens and a squad of police rushes out, makes swift arrests and bundles the astonished prisoners back inside the hoarding.

An inquisitive member of the public recently telephoned the Highways Department of Westminster City Council and asked: "Where is Piccadilly Circus?" The call lasted three-quarters of an hour. "There are no properties in Piccadilly Circus," the man at City Hall said. "All the buildings around are numbered for neighbouring streets." Finally he said: "Piccadilly Circus is

an undefined area of highway surrounding the Shaftesbury Memorial and joining the flanks of each individual street adjacent or contiguous thereto."

The site of the Circus first became a road junction, and therefore a landmark, in the fifteenth century when a track was beaten uphill to meet the road to Chiswick and Reading. A tailor retired in 1623 and built a large house by the junction. He had made a fortune from the sale of piccadilles: lace collars worn by men of fashion. A wag called his house Piccadilly Hall.

It was a durable name. By 1650 the nearby stretch of the Reading Road was called Piccadilly Street. Thirteen years later Charles II married the Infanta of Portugal and the road was officially renamed Portugal Street. By 1720 it had once more become Piccadilly.

IN 1813 Nash drove his Regent Street through to provide a triumphal way for the Prince Regent from Carlton House to Regent's Park. He called the improved crossroads "Regent Circus." As he gave the same name to what is now Oxford Circus, confusion arose. Ignoring Nash, the people of London dug up their old joke name of Piccadilly, and Piccadilly Circus was born.

"Eros," too, is a name invented by the public. The statue, a dainty winged figure of aluminium with a bow, is the centrepiece of what is officially the Shaftesbury Memorial. It was designed by Sir Albert Gilbert, who received £3,000 for the commission, spent £7,000 carrying it out and soon afterwards went bankrupt.

It commemorates the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the nineteenth-century philanthropist who worked for the amelioration of the conditions of factory and mine workers, neglected children, slaves, the poor, the mentally afflicted and animals. At first the statue was hated by most Londoners after its unveiling in June, 1893. People expected a statue of Shaftesbury in top hat and frock coat.

Today Eros is probably the most beloved statue in the world. An L.C.C. official says: "He is the centrepiece of public rejoicing and festivity. His bow has been broken, bent and lost. He has been hugged, kissed, garlanded, dressed up, scratched and dented by roisterers and adorers." Until the 1953 Coronation Eros was black with protective grease. Since then he has glittered in his original aluminium colour and experts clean and wax him monthly.

People constantly write to the L.C.C. about the Shaftesbury Memorial. The favourite complaint is that Eros is pointing the wrong way.

The letter-writers say that a Victorian pun was intended, that the figure's empty bow is supposed to have shot a "shaft" that is "buried" in Shaftesbury Avenue.

This is not so. Gilbert, according to the L.C.C., intended that the statue should "symbolize the spirit of Love, with the figure discharging a shaft into the heart of disordered humanity, penetrating through callousness."

The four original bolts that hold the statue in place allow it to face only one way.

That way is with its back firmly towards Shaftesbury Avenue and Soho night life. Its shaft of light is aimed unerringly at the heart of "the dignified side."

THE END

NEXT WEEK

VICTOR CANNING

writes a thrilling new story, THE SLEIGMAN LETTER

SIR ROBERT BOOTHBY asks: "What sort of television do we want?"



EBB

TIDE

One word from old Tom Bonner could save the stricken woman—and he was strangely silent

TOM BONNER was so old that there were times, especially during the summer days when the sea was a flat green, when he wondered whether he had ceased to exist. Then a light breeze would breathe round the side of the harbour wall and touch his face and neck and he would be reassured.

Life was now a routine of moving out to the front of his house and in again, according to the weather, like a barometer figure.

The getting out was easy; without moving from his chair he could drag himself across the flagged floor of the kitchen, out through the door and down the steps to his favourite position in front of the kitchen window, from where he could look out across the bay, on a clear day, as far as Innisholme Island.

And there he could sit for a whole afternoon in the sun, like a dried-up stick that the tide had forgotten, just looking before him.

Tom's house was at the end of a path that led to the pier. Occasionally visitors would drive down there and pour out of their cars and run out to the end of the pier and look down into the water and point out things to one another. Or they would shade their eyes and look out at Innisholme and plan a day trip sometime.

Then, on their way back to their cars, they would notice Tom, just as they had noticed the other things, and they would talk to him, treating him with a curious respect as though he had secrets to reveal.

But once they discovered that he was too old

to be interesting they went off, laughing and chattering, to their cars.

It was a different matter getting back into the kitchen again. Tom could not slide his chair up the three stone steps.

So he had to wait until some of the neighbours came along, or until some of the fishermen came in with a catch.

Very often it was dusk before they discovered him and they would say crossly: "What are you doing out here at this time of evening, Tom? Do you want to get your death?" As if death were something that struck you suddenly when the sun went down and not the gradual drifting away of all sensation.

They would feel his hands, too, and say they were like stones. Then he would look at his hands as if they did not belong to him; big, gnarled, splayed things that once pulled oars and hauled lobster pots and shot nets and hoisted sails. Queer how they felt nothing now. Absolutely nothing. Even the rheumatism that bit into his legs ignored those hands. That puzzled him.

But the neighbours were kind, in a worldly way. They saw to it that he did not starve and they took turns to clear up his place. Once they had done these things for him, they could afford to forget about him, he was so old. . . .

When the first of the winter gales struck one

day early in October, the only people caught unawares were the few late visitors. They scurried back to their hotels with their beach wraps and their portable radios.

Tom had not slithered out that day; he had smelled the storm coming the night before. He lay in bed and listened to the wind pounding on the roof and the breakers smashing on the rocks round at the Tor.

He lay there for twenty-four hours, listening. Then, about noon on the second day, he heard people running past his door down to the pier. Above the roar of the Atlantic wind he could hear the urgency of their voices, shouting to one another.

For a time he did not stir. A boat had broken her moorings, he thought. Or the buoy was adrift. But he knew a crowd must have gathered by now because at least twelve people had run past his door.

He was about to ease himself on to his chair when somebody knocked. "Tom Bonner! Tom Bonner! Come quick! Down to the pier! The men want you," a child's voice piped through the keyhole.

"Eh? What is it?"

"Flares from Innisholme. One every ten minutes. The men are thinking of going out."

Tom knew that the men wanted his opinion. But they had forgotten that he could not walk the length of the kitchen to the front door.

"Tell them . . ." he began.

But the men had come to him. Feet shuffled outside and anxious faces peered in through the

by **BRIAN FRIEL**

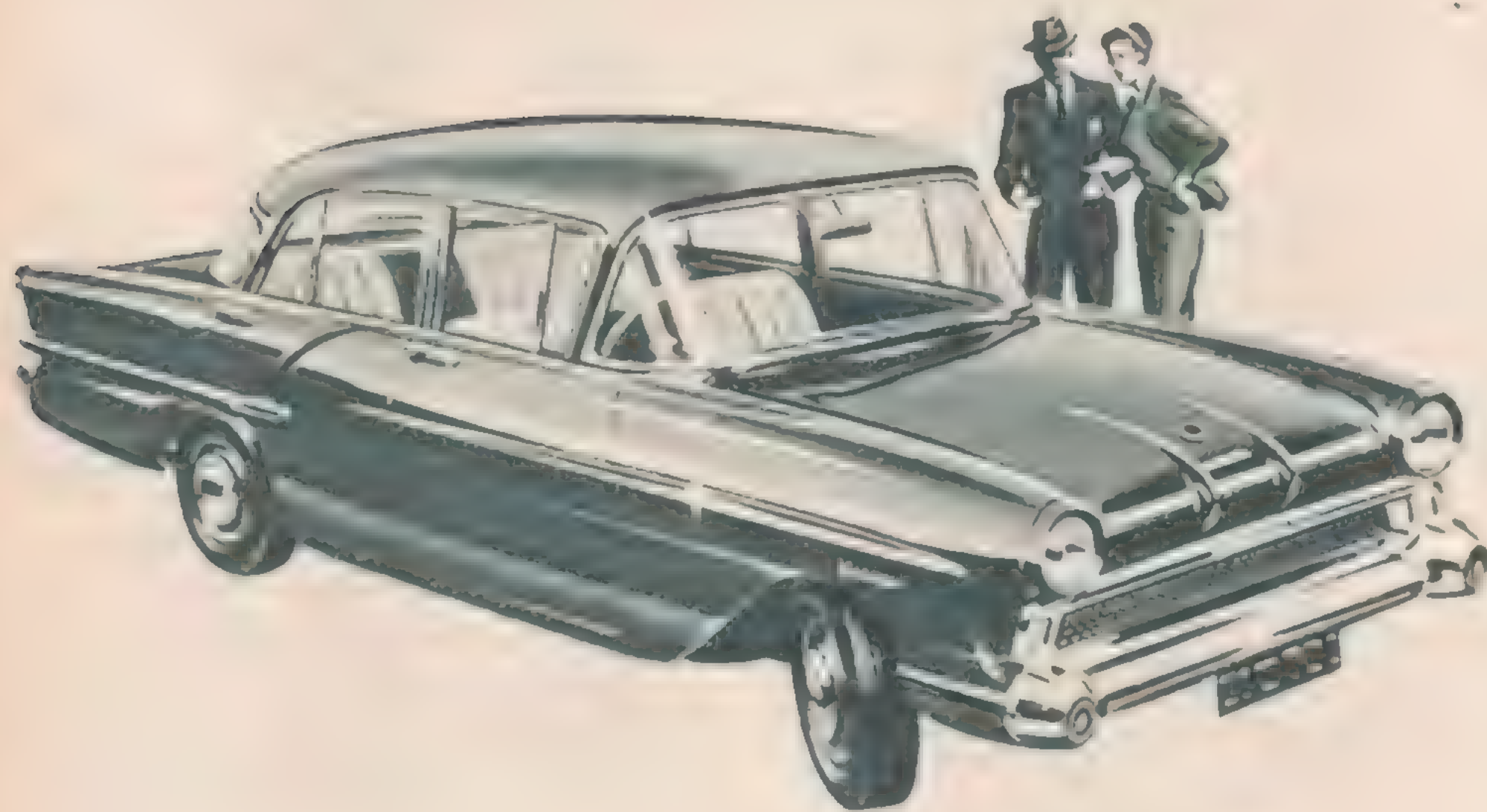
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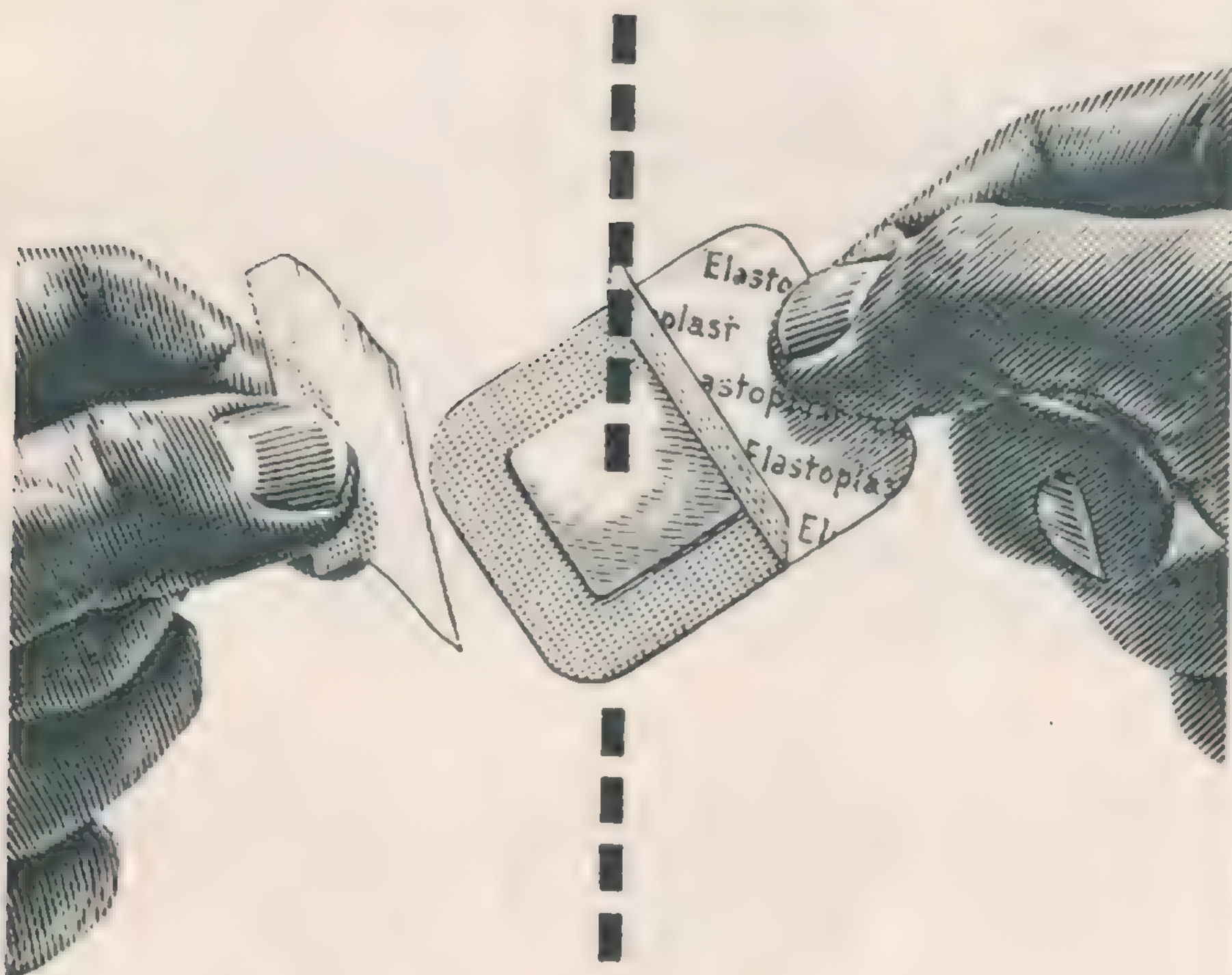
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dirty square of window and searched the dark room for him.

"Flares from the island, Tom," shouted Mason. "It's probably the doctor they want for the lighthouse-keeper's wife. She's due this week, it seems."

Tom didn't answer.

"We're thinking of trying the crossing," Mason said.

Tom worked himself to the edge of the bed and then on to the chair. He pulled a blanket over his shoulders. Then, muttering to himself, he dragged himself across the floor and pulled back the bolt on the door.

They poured into the kitchen with the wind, six of them in their yellow oilskins and thigh boots. Two scrawny boys hung about the threshold, watching.

"I was asleep," Tom said. It was a lie, but they were too full of the importance of their mission to detect it.

"The flares are coming regular," said Sweeney. "They need help bad, whatever it is."

They were all looking at him, waiting for him to speak. They wanted advice, and at the same time they wanted to shed their responsibility on to him, because he was old, and afterwards, if anything went wrong, they could say, "We only did what Bonner suggested."

But they wanted advice first.

"Would a boat live in that north-east wind, Tom?" Mason asked.

Tom felt none of their anxiety; only importance that rose in him like hot blood and hurt his chest slightly and even made his dead hands tingle.

"Carry me to the end of the pier," he commanded.

"But Tom. . . ." They wanted only advice: Go or Stay.

"Carry me to the end of the pier. Then I'll tell you what to do."

Four men carried him in his chair, shoulder high, across the gravel path and on to the pier. Somebody had thrown a waterproof cape around his head and shoulders so that only his thin white face peeped out occasionally when a gust of wind caught them. Waves broke on the back of the harbour wall

and sent canopies of white spray cascading over them.

They stopped a few feet from the edge and lowered Tom to the ground. But they still held on to him in case the wind blew him into the water.

"Well, Tom? Would she make it?"

But Tom did not answer, although he had known what he was going to say from the moment they carried him outside the door and he saw the sky. Now he wanted to have them looking at him and waiting for him. He might never have the chance again. He needed to savour it.

"I say we try it," said Mason. "It's the least we can do is try it."

But the others awaited Tom's word, if only to postpone the attempt.

At last he spoke, looking across the waves that hid Innisholme from them. "Nobody goes nowhere yet," he said. "Not for two hours. You'll have nothing but a puff of wind then."

They were relieved. Their faces relaxed and they laughed and said: "Good old Tom" and "Takes the old ones," as if he had given them something. Then their dutiful solicitude for him returned and somebody said: "Better get him back in out of the wind," and they hoisted him up again and carried him back to his house.

Once they had him safely inside again they agreed that, since there were a couple of hours before they could set out, they might as well pass the time in O'Byrne's bar. So they thanked Tom again and told him he was a good one and there was not a man like him for telling the weather. Then they went off.

The kitchen was suddenly empty without them. Tom slid himself to one place and then another to escape the draught under the door, but it got at his feet and numbed them.

With all the fuss, he thought, Mason's woman would probably forget to bring down his can of milk tonight. But there was no resentment in him; only an ebbing away of all feeling again until he was not quite sure whether he was awake or asleep.

THE END

© Brian Friel, 1958

The way to be a cricket millionaire

Continued from page 15

benefits," says Frederic Doody, an Ilford old-age pensioner who has been trying for several years to interest county clubs and the M.C.C. in reforming the benefit system. "Why shouldn't the player be given a small percentage of the gate receipts for each home game during his benefit season? This would spread the risk of weather interference and cut his insurance expenses."

Godfrey Evans still has no close rival as England's best wicket-keeper. His benefit as a Kent player produced £5,200. Arthur McIntyre, wicket-keeper for the more fashionable Surrey, received fifty per cent more than Evans.

Middlesex, Yorkshire and Lancashire players who have never represented their country can confidently expect bigger benefits than a long-serving Test star with Gloucestershire or Northamptonshire.

Benefits of some sort have been in existence almost as long as the game itself. W. G. Grace, an "amateur," received £8,900 from three testimonials when, the Treasury estimates, today's pound was worth at least £5. George Hunt, a Yorkshire all-rounder, had £4,800 from a single benefit in 1910.

The question of whether cricket benefits should be taxed was raised in 1920. For the next seven years James Seymour, a Kent player, fought against the assessment of his £939 benefit. He took the case to the House of Lords. There it was ruled that a cricket benefit is not subject to income tax because it is a personal gift and not general remuneration.

Only fifteen per cent of cricket professionals are ever offered a benefit by their club.

"It's just a long-shot gamble," says Alec Bedser, "but without it most professionals would not stay in the game."

"As for benefit comparisons between counties, professionals with the poorly

supported sides usually admit it is easier for them to get in, and stay in, the first team."

Bedser points out that footballers have a Provident Fund to cater for their retirement. The cricketer's benefit has to serve the same purpose, and the proceeds are held in trust by his club until he leaves the game.

"If a cricketer's whole future is to be decided by his benefit," says George Porter, "why shouldn't he get as much as he possibly can? The more theatrical of the money-raising activities organized by benefit committees are intended to prevent the whole effort depending on cricket, and the weather."

Porter and his colleagues made sure that rain would not interfere with the opening event of Eric Bedser's benefit year. They decided to stage the rock 'n' roll championship of the world inside Wimbledon Palais one night in February. But very few people turned up. They could not reach the Palais through the worst blizzard of the winter.

THE END

PAINTINGS THAT STARTED A BOOM

It was fantastic. For hours three thousand art dealers battled in a Paris sale room for possession of the most important Impressionist paintings to be auctioned since the war. Takings averaged £2,000 a minute, and the fierce competition sparked off a boom that has gripped millionaires and shows no sign of abating.

Keith Ellis has written an intriguing article about this postwar phenomenon. It will be illustrated by magnificent full-colour reproductions of works by Van Gogh and Renoir. These are from the exhibition of paintings in the Niarchos Collection which opens at the Tate Gallery on May 23. Ellis's article will be the forerunner of a brilliant series of Impressionist reproductions, and appears next week.

THE HUNT FOR
KIMATHI • 4



by IAN HENDERSON

Woman trouble splits the Mau Mau

It was in July, 1956, that we suddenly realized that we already held a vital clue to unravelling the future plans of Dedan Kimathi, the most dangerous and ruthless of the Mau Mau terrorist leaders still at large in Kenya.

His gang of fanatical supporters had been reduced to twenty-one men and Wanjiru, his woman, but he was as elusive as ever. For months we had searched for him. Teams of formidable ex-terrorists whom I, in the Special Branch of the Kenya Police, had helped to capture and win over to our side, had combed hundreds of square miles of forest on the Aberdare mountains. And every time we thought we had caught him, he had slipped through our hands.

We were interrogating Jeriko, a Mau Mau gang leader we had just captured, when we remembered having learned, in June, that Kimathi had dreamed a vivid dream. In it, Ngai—the traditional god of the Kikuyu—had taken him by the hand to a *mugumo* (wild fig) tree.

With mounting interest we listened as Jeriko and the men who had been caught with him told us how Kimathi would walk every week to certain parts of the forest where large *mugumo* trees were growing. There he would stand with his arms raised, his forehead pressed against the bark, praying aloud to Ngai.

We were told that these pilgrimages were the very breath of life to him. He believed that if he did not make them Ngai would not only let him die but would also destroy his *ngumo ya njamba*, or "fame of warriorship." Kimathi now believed that prayer would bring him immortality and, even more important to him at the moment, an immortal reputation.

On hearing about this, we jumped for joy. Here at last we had advance information about places in the forest which Kimathi would visit.

How easy it would be! No longer, we thought, would we search laboriously for his tracks, game snares, hide-outs and food stores. Instead, we would watch the *mugumo* trees like hungry vultures and take him by surprise when he came to pray.

But Jeriko had not finished, and his next words threw a less encouraging light on things. He told us that Kimathi would never visit one of his trees without first sending his men to search the area and make sure that no enemies were about. Furthermore, he told us that there were at least forty *mugumo* trees in the part of the Aberdares where Kimathi was known to be, and he was liable to visit any one of them.

Apart from the problem of actually getting to the trees we now had great difficulty in persuading our men to go there. They found the thought of ambushing Kimathi at his "places of prayer" most disconcerting.

"What would Ngai do," they asked, "if he found his chosen altar desecrated?"

Though they did not altogether believe Kimathi's dream, they did not disbelieve it either. After all, they knew that he had dreamed before of Security Forces arriving at a certain place at a certain time, and these dreams had proved to be correct. If he now dreamed that Ngai would return to one of these trees, who were they to dispute the prediction? Perhaps some evil spirit did haunt the trees. Perhaps it would jump down and kill them as they lay beneath the branches.

Fear of "Ngai's altars" became so deep-seated within the next few days that at odd intervals during the nights at camp, one terrorist after another would sneak away alone to some dark corner where, facing Mount Kenya, he



Wanjiru was Kimathi's girl, and he was a jealous man. Now she had angered him. For two of his gang it meant...death

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BERRY

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would offer up prayers to Ngai to save him.

While they were in this mood, praying and whispering, there was no hope of beginning operations. But, as we soon heard, we were not alone in our trouble. Kimathi's men were frightened of the *mugumo* trees, too.

After the many setbacks they had suffered, they began to wonder whether Kimathi's praying beneath the trees was the cause of their misfortunes. Before Kimathi began these pilgrimages, they had been so lucky. Had Ngai, they wondered, deserted their leader?

As for Kimathi, instead of eating the precious honey which his followers found in the forest, he made them mix it with earth and animal blood.

After this mixture had been put on the ground in its container, it would be covered with green leaves and herbs while hymns were sung. Then, after some of the contents had been sprinkled on the ground round the hide-out to act as a spiritual "fence" for keeping out evil spirits, he would take the rest away to a *mugumo* tree as an offering to Ngai.

Sometimes Kimathi's travels took him across the rough forest roads. He insisted that all those who crossed the roads should wash their feet in the first stream they came to because "after the enemies' vehicles had driven over them, they would be poisoned like the fangs of a puff-adder."

When we learned about these odd events we were sure that Kimathi was going mad. Some of our collaborators who knew him well said that if we kept up the pressure much longer, he would probably kill Wanjiru and then shoot himself. This was our greatest worry, for if he just disappeared the myth of his omnipotence would survive in the forest. It was imperative that we should find him before he chose suicide.

Just before we began operations again, another incident shook Kimathi's gang, and we soon heard about it. One day towards the end of July, Wanjiru suddenly became the centre of a row which resulted in the death of two of Kimathi's men.

Wanjiru had left the hide-out and walked a short way into the forest. Kimathi suddenly became aware of her absence and lost his temper, because he had not been told of her departure. The longer he waited for her to come back, the more furious he became.

When Wanjiru finally did appear, walking back towards the hide-out with two of his men, he lost every vestige of control. He imagined that the two men had lured his woman away.

Without a single word, he walked over towards them and shot them both with his revolver. Then he grabbed Wanjiru by the wrist, stripped the coat off her shoulders and for almost an hour beat her naked body with stinging

nettles. Then he ordered his terrified followers to bury the dead and move on to a new hide-out in case the shooting had been heard.

That night Wanjiru was very ill. She developed a severe rash, while her body was badly blistered and bruised. She cried repeatedly for water but Kimathi paid no attention to her, nor would he allow anyone else to go near her.

When he had fallen asleep, one of his minor leaders named Wamuthandi, who had been upset by Wanjiru's moans, slipped quietly away with four friends and went down to the river to fetch water for her to drink; they took two rifles with them. Having drawn the water and climbed back up the hill, they came in sight of the hide-out where, to their horror, they saw Kimathi standing up and asking where they had gone.

As they stood there listening, they heard him tell another terrorist named Wankee to collect ten men together and go to arrest them. They heard Kimathi say that they were to be brought back with their hands tied as he proposed to "grind them like corn in a mill."

WAMUTHANDI and his companions knew they would die if they were caught, so that night they fled to the Marishimiti Gorge nearly fifty miles away on the western side of the mountains, where they stayed until our forces captured them. Wankee's ten men searched for the deserters for twelve hours, determined to kill them if they came across them. But they were unsuccessful.

Kimathi's own actions had now caused the death of another two and the desertion of another five of his dwindling force, leaving him with only fourteen men and Wanjiru. Within a few days, two of the five deserters were captured by one of our teams and gave a vivid account of the cause of their flight from Kimathi. Their capture was a great help as those of our men who were still apprehensive about going to the *mugumo* trees became less frightened when they heard what had happened in the forest.

It seemed that even Ngai was deserting Kimathi. . . .

By the evening of August 8, all the large *mugumo* trees in what we called the "Kimathi Area" of the Tree Tops Salient had been plotted on our map. Although Jeriko had said that there were at least forty of them, we found only eighteen, and ten of these were in spots which Kimathi would not visit because the approaches were unsafe. We turned to the remaining eight.

That same night, eight well-armed teams made their way to the trees. Some of the trees were several miles up the slopes of the mountain, and it was not until the afternoon of August 9 that all our men were finally in place. There they were to lie for four days and nights—unless Kimathi favoured them with a visit before then.

Rain, heat, cold, wind, ants, caterpillars, wild animals, snakes, and all the others dangers and discomforts of the forest would have to be endured as they lay there. Our men would lie as still as death, but all the time they would be alert and sensitive.

The first day passed uneventfully, as did the second, although our team at what we called "Number Two" tree heard a single rifle shot in the distance during the evening. But on the afternoon of the third day the monotony was broken by an incident which could have had far-reaching consequences.

A strong wind blew up towards mid-day in the eastern sector of the Tree Tops Salient, where "Number One" team was operating. As the team lay bunched together beneath the tree, two large and very poisonous puff-adders fell from the branches on to the back of one of our men.

Fortunately the reptiles wriggled off into the bush without striking at the petrified terrorist, but the team as a whole was sure that it was "an act of God," and that Ngai was angry with them for being there. They immediately left the tree and rushed back to our tactical base higher up in the forest.

We did everything we could to convince them that the snakes had fallen out of the tree because they had been

Challenge the Famous

IN his answers to the six questions on the human body on page 26, Reg Butler scored three and a half points. He made a good guess at Question 1. There are 206 bones in a body. At birth there are about 270, but the number is reduced as some bones join up with others.

He answered Question 2 correctly. The male brain averages 49.6 ounces, the female 44.5 ounces. His answer to Question 3 was correct, but he seemed to have an almost bald man in mind when he answered Question 4. Blonde heads carry about 140,000 hairs; brunettes about 110,000.

Venus de Milo is not as slim as Reg Butler thinks. Being larger than life, her measurements (54:39:50) make her a heavy-weight. Translated to lifesize, they are: 36:26:33½. His answer to Question 6 was a good estimate. A man breathes fifteen or sixteen times a minute, a woman about eighteen times, a child much faster.



... mating, or because of the high wind. But they were still most upset. Here was something which could alter the whole course of these operations and make our terrorists go on strike.

But the following morning, the fourth and last day of the operation, our patience was rewarded. At "Number Seven" tree, which stood where the Mwathe and Tree Tops regions join, a single terrorist appeared for a moment some four hundred yards up the slope of a steep hill and quickly dropped out of sight.

The terrorist came lower and lower down the hill, jumping quickly from one thicket to another. At one moment our men thought that he looked like one of their colleagues, named Thiaka. There was a whispered discussion. All were agreed that the intruder looked like Thiaka, but did not move like him.

Then, about 150 yards away from the mugumo tree, the intruder jumped into a particularly thick patch of bush and did not come out again. Half an hour passed, then an hour, then two hours, but there was no further sign of him. It was all very odd. Our men were certain that they would have seen him leave the patch if he had done so.

When the sun was noon-high and their curiosity had been stretched to its limit, our men decided to go and look for themselves. Splitting up into two parties, they wriggled back on their stomachs until they were in a small ditch from which they could circle round the flanks of the hill, one party climbing it from the left and the other from the right. Within five minutes they had re-grouped and were searching together through the patch of bush which the terrorist had entered. In the middle they found another ditch, about four feet deep, running along the hill-side for nearly sixty yards. At its head and also at a point where the mugumo tree could be most easily seen were the footprints of their man.

They could see where he had stood, not only on that day but also several times before. The ground had been trodden hard there.

Now it was obvious that the intruder was one of Kimathi's men and that he had been scouting to see whether it was safe for his leader to come and pray beneath the tree.

The tracks were followed from the top of the ditch to the bottom, where they disappeared into the forest. Our men decided to continue to follow them.

Gacheru was the most proficient tracker among them and from the start he set a fast pace. The pursuit went on from hill to hill, valley to valley, and river to river.

The course taken by the lone terrorist led southwards. Throughout the afternoon the hunt continued. But the pace of our team got slower and slower as the tracks became more difficult to see

in the fading light. It was now a race against time, for once darkness fell, the pursuit would have to be called off.

They were beginning to wonder how far their quarry was going, for they had already tracked him some thirteen miles, when suddenly, in the wind, Gacheru heard Kimathi's high-pitched voice.

"Wiyite nitwa—name yourself."

Gacheru stopped. The team stopped with their weapons ready.

"Jeriko," shouted back Gacheru, who knew that Kimathi could not have heard of Jeriko's capture, as nobody had escaped during that engagement. There was hardly a moment between Gacheru's answer and Kimathi's reply.

"Never," he shouted in English, and with that pandemonium broke out in the bamboo about forty yards ahead as he and his gang dashed into the undergrowth. Firing their guns from the hip, our team went crashing after them.

The first of the running gangsters to come in sight was Karau, whom Kimathi had made a "general" only a few days before. A burst of Patchett fire knocked a wooden honey container from his hand. He was not hit, but he lost his nerve and was found lying on his back with his knees drawn up to his chin as though trying to shield his heart from the next volley.

As the team paused to tie him up, a hand grenade exploded thirty yards to their left. Then there was a noise in another bamboo thicket just ahead. Three of our men opened up with their automatics. They were sure they had hit one more of Kimathi's gang.

Our men went forward. There was no sign that their bullets had found their target. As soon as they began to probe around, however, they came across a deep bomb crater covered with a tangled mass of bamboo. At the bottom was another of Kimathi's men. He had fallen into the crater as a buck would fall into a pit trap. The noise that our men had heard was caused by this man trying to climb out.

Immediately he saw the team on the edge of the crater looking down at him, the terrorist crouched in the shadows with his *sini* drawn, ready to slash anyone who went down after him. He was told repeatedly that he was covered and should come out, but nothing would move him. Several shots were then fired into the crater but still he didn't move.

Finally the covering mattress of bamboo was set alight and he was dragged out with a long pole as the flames licked about him.

Meanwhile, Kimathi and his remnants were travelling fast. By the time Karau had been tied up and his companion pulled out of the crater, the gang had disappeared completely. In the last half-hour of daylight, there was

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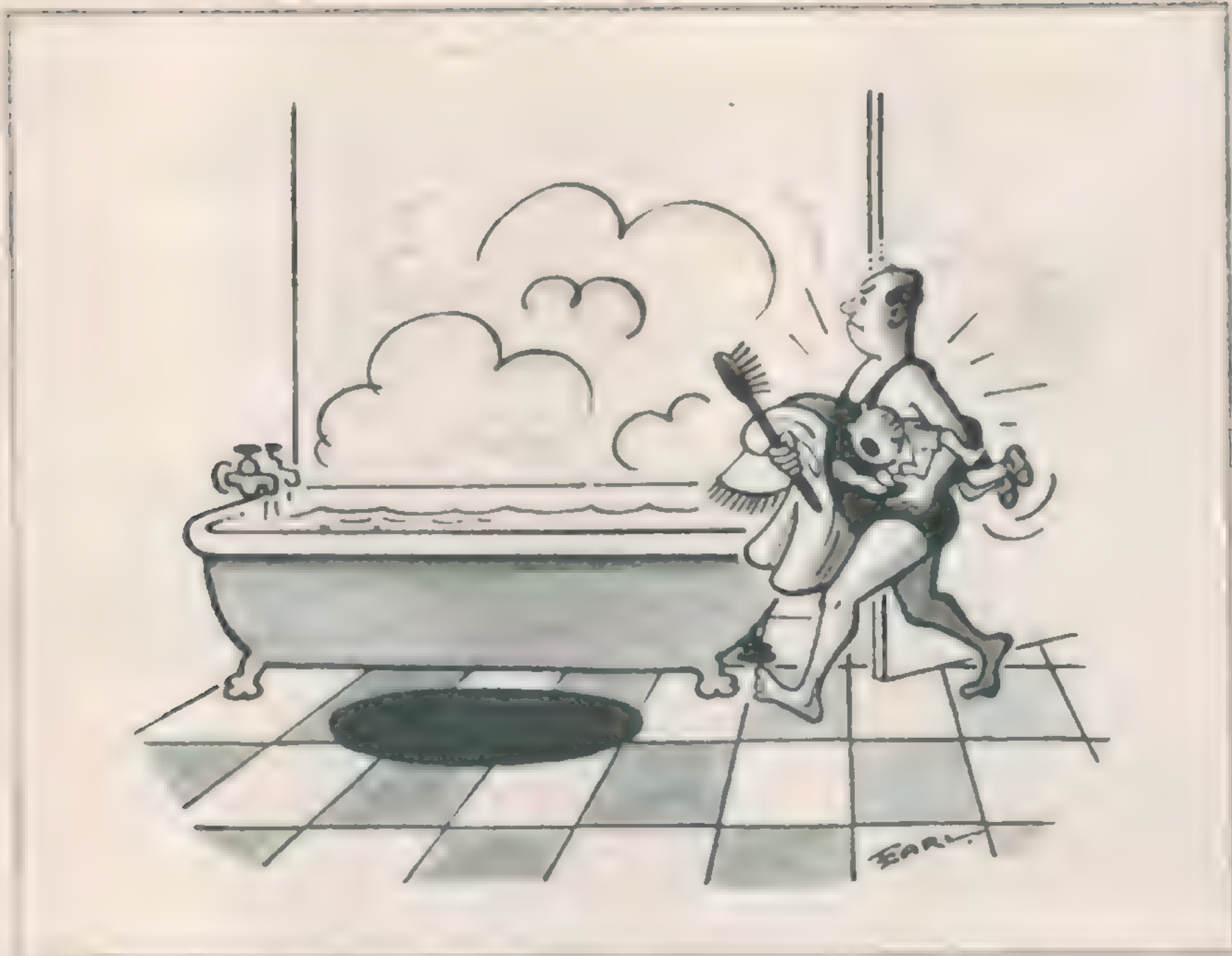
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nothing to be gained by following him as the hunt would have to be called off within a few minutes. So, making the most of the dwindling light, our men and their prisoners set off for base, which they reached just before midnight.

All the way back they talked about Kimathi and his gang. Karau told them that he had been to the ditch in the morning. He had been scouting for Kimathi, just as they had guessed. What a pity, our men thought, that he had not been caught before he reached his leader, for then he might have led them even closer to Kimathi.

These thoughts filled the team with anguish. But a cause of even greater anguish was the fact that Wanjiru, a weak and powerless woman in their eyes, had been with the gang and got away from them. The disgrace of missing a mere woman was too terrible to bear. They were sure that it would take the ministrations of a medicine man and the sacrifice of a black sheep to wash away their disgrace and stop their comrades mocking them.

Their fears of being jeered at by their friends in camp, were, however, quite unfounded. That night when Gacheru and his party arrived, everyone turned out to hear what they had to say, and when they heard that the woman in question was none other than Wanjiru, Kimathi's Wanjiru, they were not the least surprised.

Although she had been cared for like a child in the forest, they knew that she could run like a gazelle, fight like a cat, shoot like an archer and that she was more than a match for any ordinary man. "That one," said Ruku to Gacheru, "that one is not a female. She is one to be watched very carefully with two eyes in the front and two in the back."

Later that night there was great rejoicing round the camp fires. Gacheru and his team had much to say about the day's events. As the flames from our night fires flickered against the trees, lighting up the ugly faces of our collaborators, the story of the day was told over and over again. Gacheru held the centre of the stage with his stirring descriptions of the pursuit and the battle.

He stood where all could see him demonstrate how he crouched to peer through the forest when Kimathi had challenged him, how he ran forward and exactly what he had done at the bomb crater.

It was stirring stuff, and the tale of those miserable victims of the puff-adder episode attracted but little interest.

Because of our growing operational strength, we had to increase our staff. Finding men who had the temperament and liking for this type of work was difficult, but there were many volunteers, and eight were finally chosen. From the Kenya Regiment came three young soldiers—Bill Eastbrook, Laurie Pearse and Jim Stephen, all Kenya-born, all under twenty, and strong and single. From the Kenya Police came

three fit and seasoned men—Colin Leath, Patrick Smith and Dick Crow—and two outstanding Africans, Busani and Kiprotich.

Time and time again these young men went into the forest on their own to operate the teams. Their readiness to face danger when alone with the terrorists and far cut off from their colleagues was admirable. With the aid of these men it was possible to expand the force still further and bring even greater pressure to bear on Kimathi.

Some days after his capture, Karau told us about a meeting Kimathi had arranged with a gang-leader named Chege Karobia. According to Karau, Kimathi, to fill the gaps in his own ranks, had decided to take over Chege and his followers. Kimathi had suggested a rendezvous on August 26. He had kept this news very secret. Though he had told his men about his plan, and about the date, he had been very careful not to tell them where the meeting would be held. As a result, Karau had not the faintest idea where to lead us.

Luck was now on our side. Two days after Karau gave us his information, Chege Karobia, the only terrorist in the

BED—2

It is amazing how few people are conscious of the importance of the art of lying in bed.

Lin Yutang

forest who could tell us where the meeting was going to be held, was captured with four other members of his gang by one of our teams operating under Colin Leath.

Nothing could have been more timely.

Chege, who stood barely five foot on his tip-toes, was a terrorist of no little importance. He had been in the jungle since early 1953 and had risen to a level of prominence which entitled him to visit various gangs operating in the western Aberdares and issue instructions to them. He had once been closely associated with Kimathi, who had shown an unusual liking for him.

The gangs which Chege once controlled had suffered very severely in the last nine months, and Kimathi's invitation reached him at a time when he was desperately worried about the thought of losing more men.

As soon as he fell into our hands, we tried to get him to tell us where the rendezvous would be and, knowing that he would not be very pleased to hear of Kimathi's plot, we confronted him with Karau, who made no bones about the fact that Chege and his men were to be captured by Kimathi's men and forced to serve a new master.

Chege was furious, and he soon began to tell us all about the arrangements he

had made for the meeting, which was to take place on a hill called Rurimeria. He also told us how both gangs had arranged to use either of two secret letter-boxes high on the Aberdares in case something went wrong and the meeting had to be cancelled.

It was clear that the cunning Kimathi had not agreed to anything which would expose him too much. He himself would not be going to Rurimeria. He would send some of his henchmen to meet Chege, and they were going to guide Chege to a place where he would be waiting. Nobody, not even Chege, had the remotest idea where that would be.

We were back with our old problem—how to get at Kimathi. Our men couldn't go to the rendezvous on the hill, for they would not be taken on to the next rendezvous. If Chege and his four followers went, they would be powerless for they had no firearms, and we did not trust them enough to arm them ourselves.

With no answer in mind, we set off to carry out a reconnaissance of Rurimeria Hill and the surrounding country. We squeezed no fewer than fourteen team-leaders, plus Chege and one of his men, into our Land-Rover, and we climbed up the Aberdares by the old Fort Jerusalem track and finally stopped by a river called the Karimu.

It was clear to us that our greatest difficulty was going to be getting into the area unseen. The whole region was dotted with little hillocks and from the top of each one it was possible to watch the surrounding moorlands with ease.

This meant that we had to move by night. There was no other way.

While we were up there discussing the matter, Gati suggested that we should get Chege to write a letter to Kimathi confirming the fact that he would be attending the meeting. We had failed to make up our minds on anything else, so we happily spent the rest of the day dictating a letter to Kimathi which Chege wrote.

When we reached the first letter-box—an isolated tree—we found that it had been uprooted and smashed by an elephant the previous week.

The second one was also in a tree. After Chege had placed his letter in a hollow, he broke off a branch from a tree and stuck it in the ground at the base of the letter-box. He then went some yards away, broke off another small branch and stuck this one at the foot of a different tree. He told us that he had arranged with Kimathi's messengers that the letter-box would not be checked, even if it obviously contained a letter, unless both these branches were in position.

In the next few days at our Mayfield camp, we racked our brains to find a foolproof plan for dealing with the meeting, but whichever way we looked at the problem we found that there was no alternative to sending Chege and his four men to make the initial contact on the hill. As Kimathi knew that they had no guns, they would have to go unarmed.

The decision to send Chege and his companions alone did not please them. They were petrified at the thought of going unarmed to meet Kimathi's men.

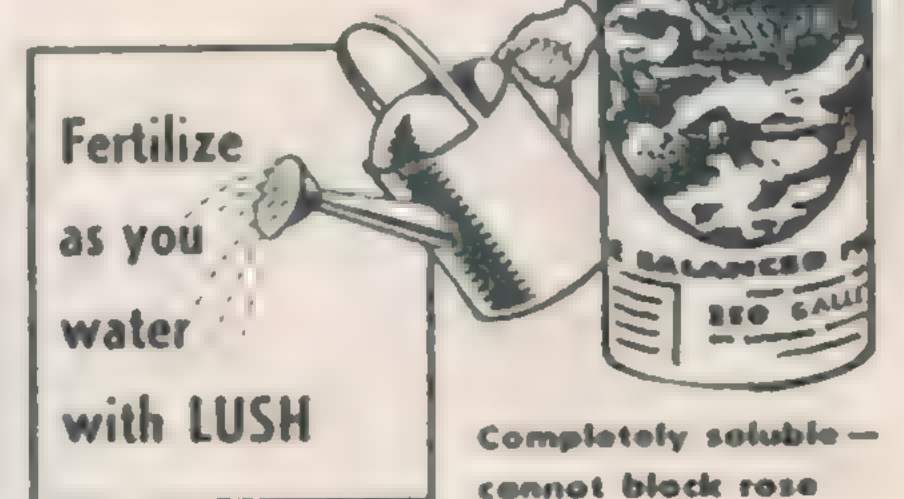
"If you want to finish us," said Chege, "finish us here, but do not send us to be finished by Kimathi."

After a great deal of persuasion they finally agreed to go, provided the area was completely surrounded by our men and that this force was so deployed that the meeting point on the hill would be kept under observation from all sides.

With all this in mind we drew up our final plans. At ten o'clock on the morning of the meeting, Chege and his men would travel over the open ground so that, from a distance, they could be counted and identified by Kimathi's men. The night before, sixteen well-armed teams would have moved up through the forest on to the Moorlands, and, in the darkness of night, they would surround the hill about a mile from its summit. Each team would be five strong so that, if their tracks were seen, Kimathi's men would assume they were Chege's. The positions that the teams would take up would enable at least half of them to watch the meeting place on Rurimeria throughout the

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hours of daylight, and at least three teams would be able to trail the party whichever side of the hill they ultimately went down.

After the two gangs had met—when Chege was being led away to Kimathi—our men would follow them at a discreet distance. If Kimathi was hiding so far away that the party had not arrived before dusk, Kimathi's guides were to be captured and made to reveal where their leader was lying up.

We could do no more.

During the night of August 25, our force was dropped off in pitch darkness at the bottom of the Marishimiti Gorge on the west side of the Aberdares.

Before each man set off up the mountain for Rurimeria, eleven miles away, he shook hands with us. There were hands which were hard and rough like the bark of a log; there were others which were sticky with filth and honey; some hands were deformed, while others were firm and confident.

Here in the dark forest three Europeans were shaking hands with nearly a hundred well-armed Mau Mau who, only a short while before, would have much enjoyed murdering us. While I personally never thought that any of them wanted to do us harm, for we had turned them psychologically until they would willingly have given their lives for us, I was deeply conscious of one possible weak link—a supernatural omen which they might interpret as a sign of Ngai's wrath. It could be an earth tremor; it could be a particularly bright meteorite falling through the atmosphere; it could be anything else which was weird and uncommon.

By dawn all the teams were in position round Rurimeria Hill, and at ten o'clock Chege and his gang began their final approach. But when they reached the top, there was no sign of any of Kimathi's henchmen. They could do nothing but sit down and wait.

All day they waited patiently, walking about the top every hour or so to show the teams around them that they were still there, but nobody turned up.

By the time dawn had come there was still no sign of Kimathi's men. Chege and his gang thought he had probably made a mistake in his dates

BED—3

A bed has become a place of luxury to me. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world.

Napoleon I

and would be coming during the next day, but as before, this was not to be. Throughout the third day and night, they were still lying there.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, tired, weary and very hungry after their long, unproductive ambush, all our teams left their positions and set off down the mountain towards us, withdrawing Chege and his gang *en route*.

It was not until we had captured and interrogated some more members of Kimathi's gang that we discovered the reason for Kimathi's failure to attend the meeting.

It turned out that he had been determined to go to Rurimeria Hill right up until the very last moment. He had crossed the Honi river, then the Chania river, and had slept the night of August 25 in the Kanjema area on the Moorlands where there are many small lakes. As Kanjema was only some four miles from Rurimeria, he had no distance to travel the following day. What is more, he had even planned to meet Chege on the hilltop himself just in case any of his men were frightened of "snatching" the party because it contained another leader.

But, during the night, while he and all his men and Wanjiru were asleep on a small island in the centre of one of the lakes, he had suddenly awoken in a state of great alarm, ordered everybody to get up and move on. His men pleaded with him to wait until the dawn before he moved, but he was adamant. He told them he had had a

dream in which he had been captured on a hill, and that had decided him.

In the freezing cold of the night, he and his gang waded through the water and trekked across the Moorlands. By dawn they had reached the forest on the eastern side of the mountain. Once again, his dreams had saved his life.

The spirits that warned Kimathi of impending danger were certainly not able to soothe his temper once his nerves were jangling. His behaviour in the days following his dream at Kanjema amounted to a reign of terror.

As soon as he arrived at a place, a mile north of the Kinaini river, which was to be his lair for the next two days, he snatched a rifle from the shoulder of one of his men and ordered two of his followers, Gitahi and Maragua, to accompany him into the forest. There they sat down. For some minutes he was silent and looked only at the ground in front of him, but then he slowly raised his head and stared at the two terrorists. Throughout the forest it was known that when Kimathi stared at a man, the victim would freeze with terror. Death glimmered in his wide, bloodshot eyes, reddened by the bhang, or wild tobacco, which he habitually put in them. Many times before, a glare from these eyes had made a terrorist beg for mercy before a word had been spoken.

Gitahi and Maragua were sure that they would die. Trembling with anger, Kimathi held out his right hand and pointed to one of his fingers.

"How many joints are there in this finger?"

"Three," replied Gitahi.

"Asorite," answered Kimathi, using the pidgin English he often spoke when trying to impress his listeners. He then went on to tell them that he was the first joint, nearest the blood and therefore nearest to Ngai; Gitahi was the second because he was trustworthy, he had been captured and then escaped; Maragua was the third joint.

Because of that, Kimathi continued, they were his "eyes and strength" and they were to stand by him until they all died together.

Still shaking with anger, Kimathi ordered his two favourites to fetch another terrorist named Githua, and soon this unfortunate man was brought along, his wrists bound with trapping wires. When Githua stood before him, Kimathi rose to his feet, spat on the ground to clear his throat and began accusing Githua of treachery.

He gave Githua no chance to answer. For several minutes the outburst continued. Where had Githua been when he went off to contact Chege Karobia some weeks before? He had been away a very long time. Was it not clear that he had taken the opportunity of betraying them all to the enemy? Githua pleaded with Kimathi to let him speak but it was no good.

"I even saw you in my dream telling the white men about the meeting at Rurimeria," Kimathi claimed.

The "trial" was over. Githua was tackled and thrown to the ground where he was pinned down. A trapping wire was then forced over his head and Kimathi tightened the noose.

Githua's eyes widened, he spluttered, his limbs shook and stretched, his tongue curled out of his mouth. His body was dragged away and stuffed down an antbear hole. Kimathi enjoyed pushing his victims into antbear holes.

After this, Kimathi returned to the hide-out where the rest of his followers were sitting silently. While Githua's "trial" had been in progress, Wanjiru had remained with the men instead of sitting apart where they could not "disease her mind." When he discovered this, he gripped her by the wrist and dragged her off to the edge of the crater. There he thrashed her with a bamboo stick and demanded to know what the men had said to her.

Leaving Wanjiru crying on the ground, he came back into the hide-out, where he made yet another awesome row, and threatened his men several times. He told them that when they next made a mistake he would re-oath them by making them eat Githua's intestines which they would have to dig out of the antbear hole. He nicked



his finger with a knife and placed it in a gourd of water so that his blood could be drunk by all present.

"When you drink my blood," he said, "your foolishness will disappear and you will have sense like me."

Sometime during the night after the following day—nobody had any idea what time it was—Kimathi ordered his gang to break camp and move on. They crossed the Kinaini river, and then the Muringato river, on their way to a cave once used as a food store. But when they reached it they found it was empty. All the food had been cleared out by our teams some time before. So on went Kimathi and his followers until they reached that part of the jungle which they called Mathakwa-ini.

During the next few days, when new game traps were being laid, the gang grew more and more hungry. The few fruit-yielding trees were bare. Most of the bees had eaten their honey during the recent misty period and had not replenished their hives. Meat was as yet unobtainable, as their traps were only now going up. What little food they did find was given to Kimathi and Wanjiru.

For the other members of the gang, lack of food soon became a desperate problem. Spurred on by hunger, Kimathi's men were sitting in pairs by their widely scattered traps. They were still sitting there when our operations

began again after the abortive operation of Rurimeria Hill.

In the first week of September we caught four more of Kimathi's men. All four were sitting beside game traps when the teams found them, and none had eaten any food for several days. We did everything possible to get them to tell us where Kimathi was lurking but, like the other captives, they were sullen and silent until they were sure that their disappearance had been noticed and that Kimathi had been given ample time to move himself, his gang and his traps to a different place.

Even before Githua's death the gang had been cut to thirteen, and one might have thought that this alone would have prevented Kimathi from killing any more of his men. But what was logic to others was not logic to him.

Githua's death had reduced his strength to twelve, and the capture of the four men at the traps brought him down to the meagre total of eight.

The revelations of the last men to fall into our hands crowned our unceasing efforts to convince our men who came from Kimathi's home district of Nyeri that he was a maniac who would, in time, kill all who followed him.

NEXT WEEK: Kimathi makes his last bid for freedom—alone

© Ian Henderson and Philip Goodhart, 1958

The hole in my heart

continued from page 10

ex-Serviceman named Tim who wanted to be an engineering draughtsman. We first spoke to each other in the town library. He remarked that I kept to myself a lot.

"Well, so do you," I replied.

"Oh, I like it," he said.

"And I."

Nevertheless, we saw more of each other during the summer. Often we would meet in the library. If the weather was fine we would sit outside or go for short walks together. We enjoyed many of the same things, and though I tried to view our friendship in a detached manner, it was not easy.

One evening Tim and I were caught out by a shower of rain. We took shelter under a tree. The rain cloud had hidden the moon, and it was very dark. For a while we were silent, then Tim said quietly: "Will you marry me?"

I could not answer. Explanations would only sound like excuses; words of affection like condolences.

An animal moved in the field beyond the tree. My fright provided a moment of confusion, and neither of us mentioned the proposal again.

Shortly afterwards I was taken ill

and moved to the sick bay. From there I went home. I determined never to have another boy friend.

From the age of nineteen my condition deteriorated noticeably. I lost more weight and became weaker. Sometimes I could get upstairs only if I went on my hands and knees. Half-way up I would lie still, one side of my face against the carpet, waiting for the strength to continue the climb. If I walked to the shops I had to stop and rest on the way back.

To cover up, I always carried a folded newspaper, which I would unfold and pretend to read when I was forced to halt. When the spasm ended I sometimes found that the paper was upside-down.

Once I was forced to sit on the kerb. Children, passing on their way home from school, stared at me. I felt humiliated.

In January, 1950, I decided to have at least one more day out. I persuaded my brother to take me to the National Gallery and leave me to look at the pictures. I wanted to see what life had looked like to those who could capture it in paint.

I had been there less than an hour when I felt tired and made my way to the restaurant for a rest. When I tried to leave, I got half-way up the steps

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Of the six days which remained on paper.

bed for three hours trying to persuade whom I had first listened to sat by my not. Later I was told that the doctor since to remember doing so, but I can consent form. I have tried many times Sir Russell Brock I signed the operation damaged part.

Seven months after my meeting with heart to another, indicating the seen to pass from one chamber of the entered the heart. Under X-ray it was in which a plastic tube was passed At first I agreed to a preliminary test I began to listen.

Because they thought the hardest to live. stood the best chance of recovery people who were the most frightened Then one of the doctors told me that The nightmares continued.

help. After that I was put in a cot. and myself lying on the floor crying for haunted my sleep. One night I refused. The thought of the operation The summer passed, and still I

gave my consent to having the opera- pressure from everyone, I refused to through the coming summer, against time was left with me with terror, and possibility of throwing away what little what conditions—meant to me. The time how much life—no matter under by the operation, I realized for the first Now, faced with the choice presented another three years, probably less.

have it, I could expect to live about would be completely cured. If I did not having the operation. If I survived I Sir Russell was in favour of my with the other doctors, left the room.

He smiled, patted my shoulder and, "You," "What else is it?"

"No, Sir Russell," "But it's not only the operation you're frightened of?"

"Yes, Sir Russell," "Frighten you, Sheila?" "Does the idea of an operation of an important business man.

slicked back. His manner was like that with spectacles, who wore his hair He turned out to be a slight man, expect.

a note of awe. I wondered what to nurses speak of Sir Russell it was on Whenever I had heard doctors and the operation, was to examine me.

heart specialist who had "pioneered" Hospital, where Sir Russell Brock, the I was driven by ambulance to Guy's for as long as eight minutes. One day

allow a surgeon to work inside my heart "deep freeze" operation which might Then I was told officially of a new feel more dejected.

to my own trouble and only made me been cured. They seldom bore relation things about heart complaints which had friends kept sending me newspaper cut-

In the hope of cheering me up, There were tears in her eyes. book on behalf of the hospital staff.

The matron gave me a white prayer provide me with a veil.

starch was rinsed from a nurse's cap to and replaced by a white one, and the The green cover was taken from the bed

pared a side-ward for the ceremony. Barking. The assistant matron pre- in hospital by the Suffragan Bishop of of my life in hospital. I was confirmed

that I was to spend whatever was left By the beginning of 1937 it seemed to be proved untrue.

would be willing to die. Later this was pounds, and often told myself that I At one time I had to take twenty-two

out having to rest. strained. I could not talk for long with- house for when my breathing became always a cylinder of oxygen in the

when I was at home, and there was pits. A doctor called twice a week between my bedroom and several hos- The next seven years were spent

life." That was the last outing of my "old home beaten. was helped up the stairs. I arrived restaurant, exhausted. Eventually I

to the lobby, then had to return to the

an ordinary person, able to get excited my life, I was truly one of a crowd— At twenty-seven, for the first time in

were left to make our own way to taken to Victoria Station, where we low-heeled shoes.

With several other patients I was put on the red woollen dress she had after a sleepless night, I got up and

for me. At six o'clock that morning, almoner at Guy's to do some shopping my mother ill. I had had to ask the

Reaction to my operation had made valaisant home in Margate. hospital and travel by train to a con-

operation I was allowed to leave the Four weeks and two days after the wanted to do.

be able to do everything I had ever cess and that in a little time I would "re-birth" had been a complete suc-

Next day Mr. Ross told me that my had been. Better than I, she knew how close it She blew her nose rather loudly.

day I'll be able to do that, too." "One magazine. I saw a picture of a girl on by my bed, turning the pages of a

Six days later I was sitting in a chair me. I remembered the operation. "Why don't you get on with it?" I

Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings.

THOMAS DEKKER

there were other people leaning over of my heart. Things were still hazy. Suddenly

but could not go at the time because I was to have been chief bridesmaid, Leonard was, in fact, married in 1934.

Leonard's wedding," I told her. "But I've just been to my brother getting better."

"You're still in hospital. You're be better." "Am I back in hospital?"

"It's all over now. You're going to mured drowsily. She leaned closer. "It was a lovely wedding," I mur-

ness I found a nurse at my bedside. When I began to regain conscious- operation took five hours. A V-shaped

worked closely with Sir Russell. The clouds of steam, the grime, the puddles I would die.

nothing. It was performed at Guy's by Donald Ross, a surgeon who had before the operation I remember

and enjoy myself without wondering if on a train before," said one of the

"Anyone would think you'd never been in cotton wool. I must have gaped. a new, robust existence after my life

of tea by the canteens, as symbols of clouds of steam, the grime, the puddles The station thrilled me. I saw the

I would die. and enjoy myself without wondering if others.

I had, but that was ten years ago. As the train picked up speed I clung to my seat like a child on a roller-

coaster, exhilarated and a little scared. I was so exhausted by the excitement that I had to be carried up the steps

to the convalescent home. At Margate I was allowed to go out alone. At first I was frightened by the

traffic and the people. I used to walk about with my arms crossed over my chest, instinctively protecting my heart.

I would reach the centre of the town, then suddenly think: *Oh dear, shall I be able to get back to the home?*

Once, almost in panic, I got on a bus. Like the train, it seemed to travel at an immense speed and I was back

so quickly that I wondered what I had ever worried about.

The woman must have had a lot of better see everything you've got." "I choose my own clothes. I think I'd

it's the first time I've ever had to had madam in mind?" "You see, me an encouraging smile. "Just what

buy some clothes. The manageress gave Next day I went to a gown shop to tea over the table.

In my excitement I tipped a cup of so that I could keep on listening. sence after sixpence in the machine

care for popular tunes. Now I put Boy Child." In my old life I had not record was Harry Belafonte's "Mary's

and pressed a button at random. The Timidly, I put sixpence in the slot seen before.

its juke box, a machine I had never several times, fascinated by its bright- ness but frightened by the noise from

them. I had walked past the place suaded me to visit a coffee bar with women from the convalescent home per-

Early in December two or three other Now I began to let it grow. properly. I had always worn it short. My arms high enough to do my hair

Because I could not previously raise what I looked like again. shop that I had actually begun to care

It did not occur to me until I left the I am keeping the bottle as a souvenir. I recently finished the contents but

my purse. "A bottle of Red Carnation, Tremulously I pulled some silver from nail lacquers caught my attention.

pocket-money. Eventually a tray of brooding over the different articles as though I were about to spend my first

years I went into a shop. It was a For the first time in more than seven ever worried about.

so quickly that I wondered what I had at an immense speed and I was back bus. Like the train, it seemed to travel

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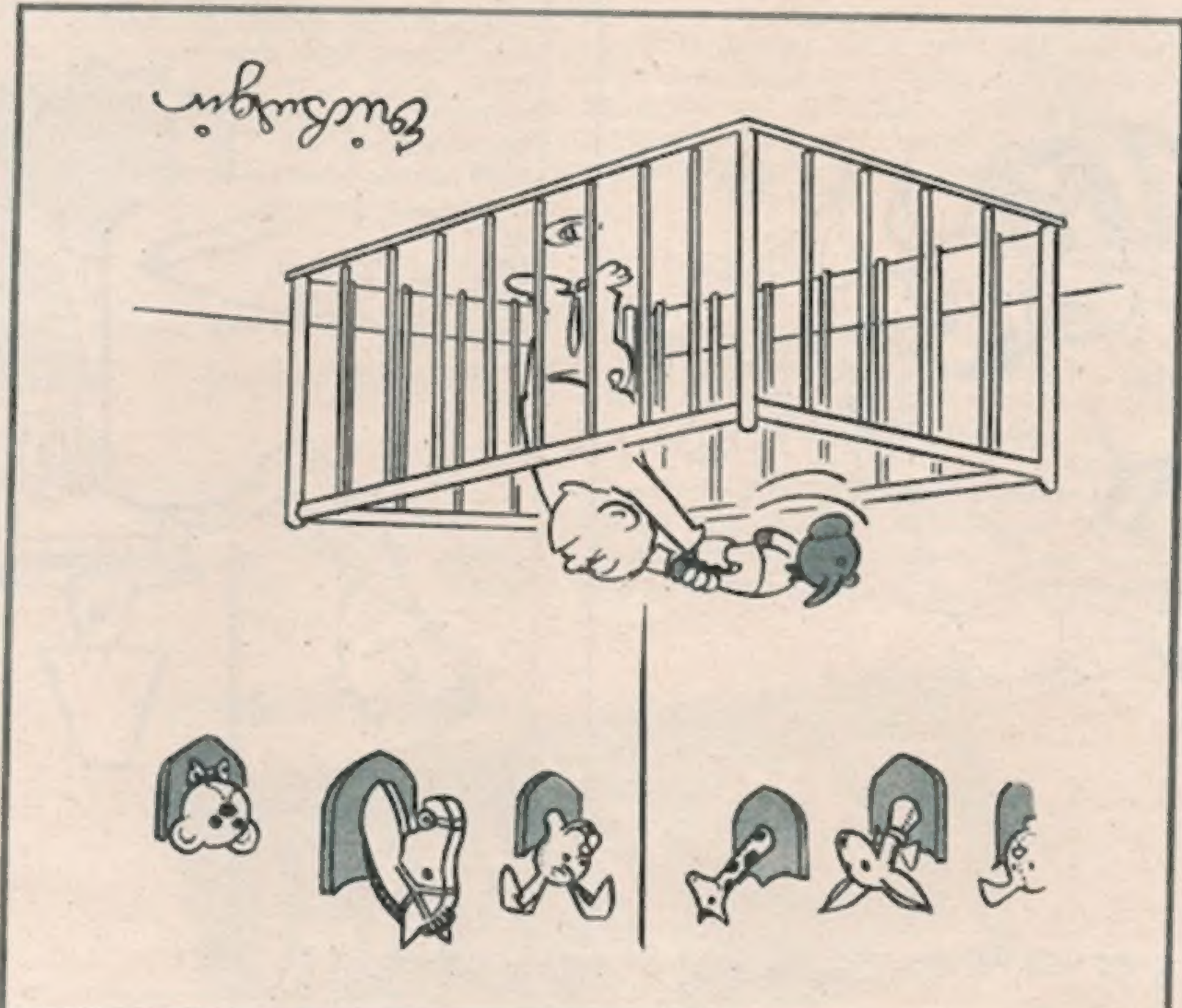
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self-control. The smile flickered from her face for a moment only. Hurriedly, I explained the situation. She was wonderful. "In that case, my dear, sit down. Let's enjoy ourselves." I think that she became as excited as I was. I tried on things just for the fun of it, including a sack dress and a pair of very tight trousers. By the time we had finished I had spent £20—and the whole afternoon—in the shop. Among the things I bought was a glamorous black lace stole which I am keeping for when I shall be able to learn dancing later this year. At the same time I intend to learn to drive. Then I must look for a job. Before long I felt capable of handling most of the normal situations of my new life. The only event which was yet to upset me was my first visit to a cinema. I went with another patient from the convalescent home. It was a matinee performance of *Woman in a Dressing Gown*, and the house was almost empty. Gradually, sitting there in the dark, an unpleasant sensation came over me. I felt that I was back in a hospital ward. It was night-time. I was going to have another nightmare. I left my friend in the cinema and groped my way into the daylight and went back to the home. Later, when I went to the theatre in London, I avoided the serious shows and saw *Sailor, Beware!* at the Stoll. The evening had the same magic for me as the only other time I had ever been to a theatre—as a very small child, to see a pantomime. I had never dared to laugh so much in my life. I had returned to London for a medical check which proved absolutely satisfactory. While I was there I made a point of travelling by Underground, bus and taxi, just for the experience. I stayed at an hotel for the first time in my life, and felt incredibly sophisticated. I THINK that I was the only guest who enjoyed pressing the bell for service and getting no answer. For so many years I had had only to reach for a bell and anxious nurses would appear. The novelty of being among people in busy streets and overhearing the conversation of strangers still intrigues me. Not long ago I walked backwards and forwards three times past a couple of women who were talking outside a shop. I was completely hypnotized by their gossip. Best of all, I enjoyed the discovery that I could do things for other people instead of depending on them to do things for me. When I went shopping I made a point of asking if I could fetch anything for the others—not out of kindness, but for the kick of it. Sometimes, in Margate, I used to stand and look at the illuminated Christmas tree outside St. Paul's Church. Distantly, from the coffee shop, I could hear Belafonte, and occasionally Bing Crosby. One cold afternoon late in December the juke box was playing "Silent Night." The "miracle" of my new life overwhelmed me. I went into the empty church and for an hour sat weeping on one of the pews. My mother, a widow, had now recovered from her illness and moved to Leonard came to fetch me from Margate with his son Carey, who was not then two. Carey is now my godson. We stopped on the journey to lunch at Folkestone. "The first restaurant meal of my new life," I told Leonard as we were shown to a table. "Eat up," he said. "It'll be worth paying to see."

I was ten. I had not been able to do that since and ran to her arms.

THE END

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